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# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER 1903.

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## *Nature's Comedian.*<sup>1</sup>

BY W. E. NORRIS.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### RENUNCIATION, FICTITIOUS AND OTHER.

'WELL,' said Dick, with ill-suppressed eagerness, when the two brothers were having their accustomed smoke together that evening, 'of course you haven't looked at *Renunciation* yet.'

Harold laughed. 'Of course I have read it all through, and of course I am delighted with it. Amazed, too, if you'll excuse me for saying so. I didn't give you credit for so much knowledge of this wicked world.'

'I know nothing of the world,' the clerical dramatist declared, while a gratified flush overspread his cheeks; 'perhaps, as a parson, I may claim to know a little about human nature.'

They all make the same claim, poor fellows, upon the same rather comically inadequate ground: it is, after all, natural enough that they should generalise from their limited opportunities of getting at the truth. The Rector of Dunville, however, aided by a singularly straightforward character and a good stock of common sense, was, despite his calling, no very bad judge of mankind. He went on:

'You encourage me more than I had dared to hope.'

'Oh, you mustn't be too much encouraged,' Harold cautioned

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him; 'I'm far from infallible. Don't be discouraged either, though; the play, when once it has been made into a play, ought, I should say, to have more than a fair chance of success.'

'You don't call it a play as it stands, then?'

'No; it wouldn't act as it stands; it will want a lot of cutting and revision and general knocking into shape. But that is merely technical business; the real difficulty—practically the only one—will be to find a manager willing to accept it. Managers, you see, are apt to be timorous and conservative; they have a strong prejudice in favour of old hands and a deep distrust of beginners. Also there will be another difficulty, perhaps not quite so great, in discovering an interpreter for the principal part.'

'So far as I had any hope connected with the matter,' Dick began, 'I was hoping——'

'Oh, yes, I know you were,' his junior smilingly interrupted; 'that seemed to stare one in the face all through, and I couldn't for the life of me help agreeing with you. Frankly, I should enjoy doing it if I were my own master; but, for many reasons and in many ways, I'm not. What I would suggest is that you should allow me to pull your work to bits and piece it together again with the help of my professional experience, which is worth something. Then I would show the result to Shepherd and take his opinion, which is worth a great deal more than mine. If he decides that it won't do for us, he may yet quite probably be able to place it with somebody else, for he knows every actor and manager in London.'

This good-natured offer was, it is needless to say, gratefully accepted. Harold was in truth good-natured, and if for a moment something akin to jealousy of his elder brother had touched him, he felt nothing of the sort now. Presently he remarked:

'Even if your play is put upon the stage and succeeds, you mustn't, I am afraid, expect to make your fortune by it.'

'You spoke of five or ten thousand pounds,' said Dick.

'With a genuine hit, and including all subsequent provincial and possibly American earnings—yes. That, however, hardly represents the price of the ancestral abode, does it?'

'Oh, dear, no! I shall never myself inhabit the old place; my ambition stops a long way short of that. But every little helps, and I suppose that if I can write a successful play, I can write half a dozen in time.'

'And perhaps support a wife upon your literary earnings as you go on?' suggested Harold, to see what he would say to that.

What he said was, 'Oh, as I told you before, I don't look upon matrimony as a probable event for me.'

'I wonder at that,' Harold declared; 'I should have thought it was in the natural order of things that you should marry, and there are spinsters in the neighbourhood at whom you ought hardly to turn up your nose. A neighbourhood which can boast of Miss Ormond, for one!'

'Do you think,' asked Dick, looking him quietly in the face, 'that Lilian Ormond would take me if I were to ask her?'

'How can I tell?' Harold valiantly returned, though he looked a little confused. 'I know nothing about it.'

Upon this his elder brother clapped him smartly on the shoulder and laughed. 'My dear fellow, I suspect that you know enough about it to preserve you from talking rubbish. Now I'm off to bed.'

In solitude Harold finished his cigar, moved, grateful, even a trifle repentant. He was, as a certain critic of drama had irritated him by stating in print, a gentleman, and this compelled him to acknowledge that his elder brother was rather more of a gentleman than he. But what is one to do in such cases? He could not make Lilian Ormond fall in love with his elder brother, nor could the most high-flown notions of chivalry demand self-sacrifice of him to that extent. Nevertheless, a much less exalted standard of chivalry seemed to put forward other demands, and the worst of it was that he could not quite make up his mind to comply with these. The rough world had perhaps rubbed some of the bloom off him; life and experience had, at all events, taught him some lessons to which, at a pinch, his eyes invariably opened themselves, and although he loved Lilian, his strong inclination was to stop just short of telling her so. There was a romantic side to him and a practical side; it was like being on or off the stage, he sometimes thought. If he found it difficult to recognise his real self, this failure on his part to accomplish a feat which very few of us manage to accomplish under conditions not so bewildering was scarcely to be wondered at.

Lilian, in the course of the next few days, not only gave him no help towards decision, but played her cards (or rather would have played them, had she been aware of being engaged in a game of skill) as badly as possible. Her heart was his, she could no longer doubt that his was hers, and those who like to laugh at her for attributing his reticence to timidity must be allowed to have their laugh. By her way of thinking, he might easily have

reasons for fearing to speak out ; his past was a little against him, his present calling might, in the eyes of some old-fashioned persons, like her father, be a little against him, and it was a good deal his habit to allude to these things. Consequently she did precisely what she ought not to have done, and scared him by creating opportunities. More than once, during their frequent undisturbed colloquies, he was upon the verge of throwing prudence to the winds ; more than once she put a seal upon his lips by divining what was in his mind and letting him see that she divined it. Josephine, meanwhile, made no sign. It was doubtless for a sign from Josephine that he was, consciously or unconsciously, waiting all the time.

This came at length in the shape of a note from one who, for her part, was a fairly skilful card-player. Miss Gardiner wrote to say how sorry she was that a lot of bothering visitors had kept her wearisomely employed 'for the last ever so long,' but that she was now at liberty and that she hoped her correspondent would come out for a ride with her on the morrow. He could ride, she presumed ? Anyhow, the horse that he would find ready saddled for him in the stables at three o'clock had the sobriety of all the judges and bishops in the United Kingdom combined, so that there wouldn't be any riding to do. 'And I want rather particularly to resume a discussion which you will remember that we left in the air,' she concluded.

He remembered very well at what point the discussion referred to had been broken off, and of course he walked across to the Manor at the appointed hour on the following afternoon, despite the fact that he was no more ready now than he had been then to assume a definite attitude. He was, however, pleasantly excited, pleasantly curious to hear anything fresh that the temptress might have to urge upon him. He found her already mounted, and he could not but notice how well she looked on horseback. As a matter of fact, hers was a neat figure, while she had inherited something of her mother's former love and capability for equestrian exercise.

'Are you inclined for a gallop ?' she asked. 'I am, and so are the horses. Suppose we make for the common and take it out of ourselves and them for a quarter of an hour ? It isn't a bit too hot, luckily, and a breather to start with will pave the way for quiet and serious conversation.'

The common to which she alluded was a wide stretch of gorse-covered, unenclosed land, adjoining the park, which had, in by-

gone days, been utilised by many a sporting Dunville as a training ground for steeplechasers. Miss Gardiner, as Harold soon perceived after she had given her mount his head, was no very finished horsewoman; still, she sat close to her saddle, she flew a couple of banks without hesitation, she was evidently plucky, if her courage was only that of ignorance, and the fresh breeze brought a becoming colour into her cheeks. By the time that she drew rein, her companion had already fallen a little under her spell, although she had scarcely uttered a word. She diffused about her—as in truth she always did more or less—a certain atmosphere of recklessness and adventure which was not unattractive and to which her speech presently fitted itself.

‘Well,’ she asked, ‘have you tossed up yet?’

‘Tossed up?’ he echoed interrogatively.

‘It comes to that, doesn’t it? Heads or tails?—actor or politician? There’s no saying for certain which it ought to be; so luck must decide.’

‘I thought you were quite certain which it ought to be,’ remarked Harold.

‘So I am; but you aren’t. Otherwise I should have heard from you before this.’

‘Perhaps you would, and perhaps I am wavering. Anyhow, let us assume that I am, for the sake of the quiet and serious conversation which you promised me just now.’

‘I think,’ said Miss Gardiner consideringly, ‘that the time has come for you to stop wavering. In fact, I may say that I know it has; for there is very little time left to lose. Decide this afternoon, and I believe you will be returned as Mr. Pemberton’s successor, because in that case my father will do what he can for you, which means a good deal. Personally, I am not much given to wavering, and I am most anxious that you should make your choice in favour of public life; yet I don’t care to assume sole responsibility in matters which are beyond my control. You see, you may fail, and if you do, that will be your fault, not mine, remember.’

‘Do you know,’ returned Harold, ‘it strikes me that without your assistance I am absolutely bound to fail.’

‘Oh, you’ll have my assistance. That is, provided that you go in for the thing whole-heartedly and with a firm determination to win.’

‘To win what?’ he asked, with a side glance which gave a somewhat wider scope to the question than his tongue was ready to formulate.



She laughed. '*Qui vivra verra*; you don't expect to be Prime Minister to-morrow or even the day after, I suppose. What you and I know—or at least what I know and you ought to know—is that you do possess what is indispensable for victory. Relative helps will probably be added unto you. By me, at all events, if by nobody else.'

If this was not plain speaking, it was surely as near an approach to plain speaking as could be risked! No more than he could expect to become immediately Prime Minister could she offer him her hand and her fortune as stepping-stones towards that eminent office; but, seeing that she was aware of his pecuniary position, did not her words virtually imply such an offer? And then, as though to make an end of any lingering hesitation on his part, she professed to read his thoughts—thoughts which were in truth in his mind, only waiting to be crystallised into shape by the influence which she had somehow established over him.

'You would like to plead that you have had other ideas. I won't call them ambitions, because they are hardly worthy of being dignified by that name; still, they may have endeared themselves to you, and you shrink a little from throwing them overboard. Overboard they must go, though, or you will never rise above your present level, with which it isn't possible that you, being what you are, can be contented—never be Dunville of Dunville Manor, never do anything to the end of your days but skip about the stage, to an accompaniment of vacuous laughter or foolish tears. Doesn't it sometimes occur to you that a comedian is a rather despicable being?'

'Few things occur to me more frequently or more forcibly.'

'Then I needn't any further disparage your profession, which is a decent and suitable one enough, I daresay, for some folk. You see that it isn't suitable for you and that the ideas which you will have to discard are equally unsuitable; I ask no more of you for the present.'

The ideas which he would have to discard! It was an odd way of describing love, honour, and loyalty, if those were the encumbrances to which she so lightly alluded; but no doubt he must either renounce them or Miss Gardiner, with her alluring plan of campaign. It cannot be said that he seriously debated the question; the demands of a given situation were for him so invariably and inevitably of an artistic order that it was really beyond him to spoil this one by a stupid *non possumus*. He



postponed surrender, however, for a moment with the remark that his had from time immemorial been a Tory family.

'Bless your soul!' returned his companion, 'that will only add a piquant flavour to your candidature. In reality there aren't any more Tories; party government is a mere phantom, to which we should no longer cling if we were not such a conservative nation that we hate parting with time-honoured names and shadows, and your coming forward as a Radical means no more than that you advocate certain measures which one ministry or another is bound to introduce eventually. Your object in entering Parliament is to distinguish yourself personally, and it so happens that our side can offer you a far better chance now than the opposite one, which has too comfortable a majority to be crying out for distinguished recruits.'

'Are you sure,' asked Harold, 'that my object in entering Parliament, if I am returned, will be to distinguish myself?'

'Well, *my* object, anyhow, is that you should.'

'Ah!—I am afraid mine will only be to give you what you flatter me by calling yours.'

He accompanied this graceful act of submission by an act of audacity which did not seem likely to be resented. They were riding so close together that it was easy for him to raise her gloved hand to his lips and almost—according to his notions of what is always expected by her sex—obligatory upon him to do so. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that he would have deferred thus respectfully paying homage to Miss Gardiner's charms had he, in time to stop himself, caught sight of a couple of pedestrians who at that moment emerged from behind a thicket and paused just in front of the horses' heads. That Dick and Lilian Ormond, discussing parochial affairs and bent upon some errand of parochial charity, should chance to be crossing the common at a juncture so apparently critical was indeed a striking instance of the impishness of destiny! All the four persons concerned, however, kept their heads and their countenances in a manner which did them credit. Greetings were exchanged, the weather was duly commented upon, Dick said something approving about the condition of the horses, and Josephine hoped that Lilian meant to patronise 'the horrid garden squash' at the Manor next week.

'Your people, I know, wouldn't be seen in such company; but we count upon you to represent them under protest.'

A somewhat awkward encounter passed off without visible

awkwardness; but Miss Gardiner, as soon as she and her attendant cavalier were out of earshot, broke into a laugh.

'Teach you to display stage manners off the stage!' she remarked. 'But the fact is that you really do require a few lessons.'

It may be that Lilian Ormond also stood in some need of a lesson; but Dick, pacing by her side, with a heart too full of regret and sympathy and indignation for speech, was left in some doubt as to whether she had received one or not; for her only observation upon what they had witnessed was:

'I wonder what Josephine could have been saying to your brother to make him kiss her hand. She says such extraordinary things sometimes!'

'That,' Dick could not help rejoicing, 'doesn't seem to me to explain or excuse his doing extraordinary things.'

'Oh, but don't you think,' asked the girl, with a laugh which sounded quite natural and betrayed no mortification, 'that he generally does what he is invited to do?'

'If you mean that it is his nature to be careless and complaisant,' grunted Dick, 'I daresay it is. Such natures are rather dangerous, though—both to those who are blessed or afflicted with them and to others.'

But his own loyal nature caused him at once to be ashamed of disparaging the absent, and he hastened to resume: 'Very likely Harold couldn't help himself; very likely that demonstration was the most ordinary thing in the world and implied nothing. I know so little of modern society and its ways of going on.'

'I don't think it implied much,' said Lilian placidly.

Did she, perhaps, already know that it could not have implied much?—or was she assuming more than it was for her peace of mind to assume? Dick could neither tell nor inquire; the one thing obvious to him (but indeed this was no fresh discovery) was that the girl whom he secretly loved belonged in heart to his younger brother. Just because he loved her, and because he was sore and apprehensive, it was out of the question for him to put her upon her guard against his younger brother. Because, moreover, he was conscious that he himself must be upon his guard against injustice he went on:

'Anyhow, it is not for me to say a word against Harold's complaisance; for I have great hopes that I may be going to profit by it. Shall I let you into a profound secret?'

'Yes, please,' answered Lilian, smiling; 'you know that any secret of yours is safe with me, and you know how delighted I shall be to hear of anything that is likely to turn out to your advantage.'

Oh, yes, he knew all that! He knew that she was fond of him, and he also knew that, if she had been fond of him after a tenderer fashion, she would have been less frank in her assurances of regard. But all his life long he had had to make the best of a bad seat, and a bad seat, as he had often tried to persuade himself, is better than none. So he told her about his play, and was rewarded by her ready sympathy and interest.

'It is certain to be a success!' she unhesitatingly declared.

'Oh, well, I don't know so much about that,' answered the modest author. 'Harold thinks well of it; but he says it will require extensive demolition and reconstruction. He is very good-naturedly going to undertake the job for me, and I daresay when he has done with it, the work will be almost as much his as mine. I think, indeed, that I must ask him to father it for me; my name, with its reverend prefix, could hardly be advertised as that of a playwright, you see.'

'And if it does succeed, will you make a lot of money by it?'

'So he seems to anticipate. Provided, of course, that a really popular success is secured. In that case, I suppose, the profit will be mine, though the credit will be very deservedly his.'

'He will never claim any credit that doesn't belong to him!' said Lilian quickly.

'I don't for one moment mean to insinuate that he will. But the credit of re-modelling the piece will belong to him, and if he makes himself responsible for the authorship, as I hope he will—'

'But of course he won't,' interrupted the girl rather impatiently; 'it would be easy enough, surely, to produce the play under an assumed name! Your brother, at all events, couldn't accept such an equivocal position. This is not amongst the things that he could do because he was invited to do them.'

'I don't see that,' returned Dick musingly; 'why shouldn't he?'

Lilian laughed. 'That it should be for you to ask such a question, and for me to answer it! Well, only because he happens to be an honourable man.'

At that self-same moment Harold, seated beside Miss Gardiner's tea-table, with his elbows on his knees, was making certain fervent replies to certain leading speeches of hers. Yet

he really believed himself to be an honourable man, really believed that women must needs be humoured, and that every earthly situation has its unavoidable exigencies. He had already, for example, gone the length of stating in so many words that Josephine's will would thenceforward be his will.

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## CHAPTER X.

### CUTTING THE PAINTER.

THE Rector of Dunville was not quite like himself at dinner that evening; his silence and evident preoccupation were not slow to attract the notice of his sister, and might also have been observed by his brother had not the latter been himself a little preoccupied. Conversation flagged until Anne, whose wise rule it was never to ask questions until there was a reasonable probability of receiving intelligible replies, retired for the night; but no sooner had she done so than Dick, less circumspect than she, blurted out:

'I say, what were you and Miss Gardiner about when we came upon you this afternoon on the common?'

'Let me see,' answered Harold, with a countenance devoid of guile. 'As far as I can remember we had been discussing my future career, and I was just thanking her for the kind interest that she seemed to take in it.'

'H'm!—do you generally kiss people when you thank them?'

'Oh, no; very seldom indeed. But I sometimes kiss their hands—especially when they have gloves on. They like it, and I don't mind.'

'I should have thought,' said Dick, 'that that sort of thing was rather liable to misinterpretation.'

'My dear fellow, you wouldn't think anything so absurd if you reflected upon all the difference that there is between the dignified incumbent of a country parish and a poor player out for a holiday. Besides, Miss Gardiner, as it happens, had more than earned my modest display of gratitude. I was going to tell you all about it, but I really don't think I can while you continue to look so like a displeased schoolmaster. Suppose we talk about *Renunciation* for a few minutes, instead. Is it your good pleasure that I should hack and slash the MS. ruthlessly until I bring it into line with my notions of what it ought to be?'

'If you will,' answered Dick, his face clearing a little, 'I shall be as grateful to you as you say you are to Miss Gardiner. By the way, would you, in the event of the piece being played, see any objection to your name being printed as that of the author?'

Harold considered for a moment before replying, 'No; I see none, unless you do. I take it that I shall be, in a manner of speaking, the joint author, and my name, since it happens to be so well known professionally, might give the thing a lift.'

'Just so,' Dick agreed; 'that is quite my own view. You will, as you say, be the joint author, and therefore entitled at least to your half of the honour and glory of which, for obvious reasons, I would rather not claim my share. Only it does seem to follow that you will likewise be entitled to half the pecuniary profits.'

But Harold scouted that suggestion, which in truth offered little temptation to a man of his careless, open-handed proclivities.

'I couldn't think of pocketing a penny that I hadn't earned,' he declared, thus unwittingly confirming—to his hearer's sense—Lilian's estimate of him. 'It isn't in me, I am sorry to say, to write a play, and I am not even sure that it is in me to improve one. However, I can but try.'

Dick, after some demur, refrained from pressing the point. He thought Harold uncommonly generous, and said so. He also began to think (and his being glad to think as much was no small evidence of generosity on his own part) that he had been unjust in suspecting his junior of infidelity. Presently he said, with some hesitation:

'Possibly gain to me might mean gain to you also. That is, if you can see your way, as I so very much wish you could, to playing the leading part in the production.'

Harold smiled and shook his head. 'I, too, wish I could see my way to doing that,' he answered, 'but I am afraid I must say definitely and finally now that I can't. Which brings me to what I was going to tell you when you discouraged me by your forbidding aspect. The fact is—prepare yourself for a slight shock—that I think of abandoning the stage altogether and becoming a candidate for Parliamentary honours in this division.'

Dick's rounded eyes and dropped jaw proclaimed that the shock of such an announcement was anything but a slight one to him. 'So *that* was Miss Gardiner's way of earning your thanks, was it?' he gasped. 'Ah, I see!—I see!'

He evidently saw more in it than a mere offer of Miss Gardiner's friendly offices, which, to be sure, saved time; although the silent, perturbed meditation into which he fell was not reassuring.

'But, Harold,' he presently resumed, in awestruck accents, 'this can only mean that you propose to stand in the interest of the opposition.'

'Well, there is no sin in being a Radical, is there? According to your views, Radicals are in grievous error, I daresay, but they may be honestly mistaken, I suppose.'

'That isn't the question,' returned his brother, looking up suddenly and a little sternly; 'the question is whether *you* are an honest Radical or not.'

'Really,' Harold declared, laughing, 'I shouldn't wonder if I was. I have never been much of a party man; but, upon the whole, my sympathies are a good deal more with the people than with the privileged classes. However, I won't pretend to be enthusiastic about politics. The real truth is that I want to get out of a groove which has begun to weary and disgust me. Parliament and—Miss Gardiner, if you like, seem to offer me a chance of escape—and I am going to take it.'

The last words were pronounced so resolutely, almost defiantly, that Dick's next query seemed to follow as a matter of course.

'To take both, do you mean?'

'Good gracious! what startling leaps you make towards conclusions! Miss Gardiner is flattering enough to think that I may distinguish myself in the House; but she hasn't yet pushed flattery to the extent that you appear to imagine.'

'I don't know what your resources are,' said Dick bluntly, 'but, from what you yourself have told me, they can't be sufficient to keep you in idleness, much less to enable you to spend what the member for such a constituency as this will be expected to spend. If Miss Gardiner urges you to enter Parliament, that can only be because she is willing to furnish the wherewithal.'

'What you say,' observed Harold tolerantly, 'sounds like common sense; but you may have noticed that action based upon common sense seldom brings men to the front. Life is a game in which one must either play for high stakes or be contented with small earnings. Only you are not to assume, please, that I am playing for the stake of Sir Joseph's settlements.'

Dick hesitated a while before making up his mind to say,



'Candidly, I was under the impression that you had other wishes and hopes.'

'So I have, my dear fellow; lots of others. The more one has the less likely one is to be disappointed, don't you think so? Well, I wanted to be the first to tell you what everybody must hear soon. Don't talk about it until it has become common talk; but perhaps, like a good soul, you will break the news to Anne for me? Anne isn't like you; she has a way of saying nasty things, when startled, and you can't think how much I dislike having nasty things said to me! You might enlighten her tomorrow after breakfast, when I shall be out of the way; for I must go up to London and see Shepherd, who is sure to be very nasty indeed. I can but trust that your play, which I shall take with me, may appease him. Shepherd is a man of business with a receptive mind, and if he scents a promise of success and profit in the thing, he will be as keen about it as if the money were going into his own pocket.'

Thus, not without adroitness, Harold wound up a necessary, but difficult, interview and betook himself to his bedroom, where, having no inclination to sleep, he sat and smoked for another couple of hours. During that time he read through *Renunciation* once more, making numerous excisions, adding words here and there, impressed in an ever increasing degree with the excellence of his brother's work.

'Who would ever have believed that Dick could do this sort of thing?' he ejaculated. 'The beggar must be a genius; there's no accounting for him in any other way. Yet he doesn't, goodness knows, look like one! Now I, who do look like one—at least, so women always give me to understand—could no more have created a single one of these situations than I could preach two sermons a week. I wish I could! I wish I were Dick! It's rather poor fun, somehow, to be myself.'

Never very well satisfied with himself, he was more than usually dissatisfied that night. Josephine's rather irrational contempt for the art in which he excelled, and which he was personally wont to love and despise by turns, had depressed him; he remembered the vast difference which she professed to see between the producers of plays and their interpreters, the former being, according to her, necessarily dowered with some brains, while the latter might be, and often were, neither more nor less intelligent than so many parrots. He was by no means sure that she did not overestimate his own intelligence, by no means sure

that he had not allowed himself to be enticed away from his vocation on a fool's errand. And what, now that he was reluctantly brought face to face with it in the silence of night, was precisely that errand? The acquisition of Dunville Manor at a price which he had already pronounced too high? But he had not yet quite paid that price, although he had, in a manner of speaking, burnt his ships; he had not yet proposed to Josephine, had not yet been openly false in his allegiance to Lillian. There remained the chapter of accidents—that blessed chapter of accidents upon which he had so often relied, and which had more than once enabled him, while running with the hare, to hunt for a while with the hounds. He wanted, in the words of another homely proverb, to eat his cake and keep it. Of course he knew that this was impossible; nevertheless, it is sometimes pleasant to dream of impossibilities, and pleasant dreams always soothed him. So he soon exchanged waking for sleeping ones.

Realities, more or less unpleasant, had to be dealt with on the morrow in Ashley Gardens, where Shepherd, warned by telegram, met him at the moment of his arrival. Shepherd, rendered visibly apprehensive (for he knew his man very well indeed) by a summons which he had not expected, began almost at once:

‘Now, I wonder what fresh notion you have been taking into your head. You haven’t come up to London in order to make arrangements for the winter season, I am quite sure; that wouldn’t be at all like you.’

‘It would not,’ Harold agreed, with a half-apologetic laugh. ‘No, my dear Shepherd, I found out long ago that business arrangements are best left in your very capable hands, and I haven’t the slightest doubt that those which must be undertaken now will be carried through by you as satisfactorily to us both as all our previous transactions have been. Only it makes me awfully sorry to think that they involve the close of our partnership.’

‘The close of our partnership?’ echoed Shepherd, with raised eyebrows.

‘Yes; in a word, I am going to cut the stage. Don’t scold and protest until I have finished. When you have heard me out, you will still think me an ass, I daresay, but you will see at least that I don’t propose to quarrel with my bread and butter for the sake of a trifle.’

Shepherd, when he had heard Harold out, did most emphatically think him an ass, but knew better than to say so. What he

did say, after mentally filling up without difficulty some significant omissions in the other's narrative, was :

'Your plan might sound tempting if there were any guarantee of its coming off ; but, from what you tell me, there seems to be none. You may be defeated at the poll, and then the whole house of cards comes down with a run, doesn't it? Surely it would be wiser to stick to the old love until you are sure of being on with the new!'

'Perhaps it would be, supposing there were time. Only, you see, the General Election will hardly take place before the middle of October, and Moore will soon want to know whether we mean to renew our lease of the theatre or not, won't he?'

Shepherd nodded, stroking his chin reflectively. 'Yes, he wants to know ; in fact, I was upon the point of writing for your authority to renew it. In my opinion, you would do well to renew it ; I don't believe you would lose money in that way. Of course, your being returned to Parliament would oblige you to abandon the stage ; but, with Sandford to take your parts, I imagine that we should be able to keep the house pretty well filled for a few months. Then, in case of failure, a way of retreat would lie open to you.'

But Harold was so far determined as to be impatient of compromises. He clearly perceived, moreover, that the suggested compromise would never work. He could no more explain why it was unworkable than he could dispute the assertion that, with defeat at the poll, what Shepherd had called his house of cards must fall to the ground ; he could not state in plain words that the corner-stone of his plan was the acquisition of Miss Gardiner's fortune, which would not necessarily be denied to him in consequence of an initial failure, nor could he point out how indispensable it was that he should be in a position to inform Josephine of his prompt obedience to her behests.

Delicacy, however, though commendable, was superfluous in dealing with so shrewd a personage as Shepherd, who perfectly understood all that his interlocutor abstained from urging, and likewise understood ere long that further expostulation would be futile.

'Well,' he ended by saying, 'I wish you good luck. But I'm sorry—both for your sake and for my own.'

'It certainly does look like leaving you in the lurch, old man,' Harold compunctionously remarked.

'Oh, don't trouble your head about that ; I am in no danger of having to beg my bread. Moore, for one, asks nothing better

than to pay me a high salary for my services, and I may very likely offer them to him, now that he will have the theatre on his hands again. But I shall regret you as an actor who hasn't his like, or anything resembling his like, in this country, and also—if I may be allowed to say so—as a friend.'

'My dear fellow, you aren't going to lose me as a friend.'

Shepherd smilingly shook his head. 'Our paths are about to diverge,' said he.

'If you call that a reason, you must take a precious narrow view of friendship! To show you how much broader mine is, let me lose no time in asking a favour of you. I want you to read a play by an entirely unknown writer and tell me how it strikes you.'

Shepherd pricked up his ears. 'A play from your own pen?' he asked rather eagerly. 'I have often thought that you might produce one, if you cared to take the trouble.'

'Then you have often appraised the contents of my skull above their value. I can't create; I can only mimic. No; this thing is the work of my elder brother, revised and corrected, as you will see, by me. To my mind it is splendid; but, after all, what do I know? *You* know better than anybody else in England what can be made to go and what can't; so I shall advise Dick to abide by your verdict, whether it is a disappointing one or not. Take it away with you, anyhow, and let me have an answer as soon as you can. You will want me to stay a few more days in London for the purpose of signing documents and winding matters up generally, I presume.'

'Yes; I shall be glad if you can make it convenient to remain in town a little longer, although there isn't much to be done that I can't do for you. But about the play, you shall have an answer to-morrow morning; I shall not need to give more than a couple of hours, perhaps not as much, to it.'

A great deal of Shepherd's spare time was devoted to the writing of theatrical criticisms for the newspapers, as well as to advising theatrical managers, who held his judgment in high esteem. He had discovered more than one subsequently famous playwright, and in such discoveries he took the delight of a connoisseur or a collector. He was, therefore, quite sincere in declaring that Harold, so far from requesting a favour of him, had conferred one. 'Only,' he was careful to add, 'don't expect encouragement, for I am afraid the chances are against your getting it.'

On the following morning, however, he made his appearance at the breakfast hour with the gratifying announcement that he thought very well indeed of *Renunciation*.

'A most interesting play, admirably written,' said he. 'Your emendations, too, are excellent. I have very little doubt that I can get one of three or four men to accept it; but—I am bound to add that I doubt very much whether any of them is capable of doing justice to the principal part. I needn't point out to you, because I am sure you must have seen, who is capable of doing justice to it.'

'Ah! you think so?'

'What else could I think? Why, it is your part!—obviously written for you, and for no other living actor. Don't you feel tempted?'

'I feel immensely tempted, Shepherd, and all the more so because I must turn a deaf ear to the voice of temptation. Nothing is more certain than that *Renunciation* must be renounced by me; somebody else will have to wear my laurels. Moore might play the part, perhaps.'

'After a fashion, yes. With your permission, I will submit it in the first instance to Moore, who is pretty sure at least to think that he can play it, which is something, *faute de mieux*.'

'It is the most and the best that we can do,' Harold declared decisively (for at that moment he suddenly hated the idea of being supplanted by Moore, and he was a little afraid of his impulses). 'I'll write at once to Dick, who will be overjoyed at hearing your report. One more feather in your cap, Shepherd, I hope, and perhaps just a humble sort of a feather in mine. For, when all's said, my emendations *were* judicious, weren't they?'

(To be continued.)

## ‘The Nemesis of Froude.’<sup>1</sup>

‘CAN you not leave it alone?’ is a question which Lord Melbourne is said to have asked on appropriate occasions. Sir James Crichton-Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle might wisely have put the query to themselves, before reviving the disagreeable controversy about Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Froude. The core of their present grievance seems to be that, in Mr. Froude’s posthumous *My Relations with Carlyle*, the sage appears as ‘a man of transcendent ability, but selfish, overbearing, cruel, and contemptible.’ Now, in the first place, *My Relations with Carlyle* would never have seen the light if Sir James Crichton-Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle could have ‘left it alone,’ could have refrained from their attacks on Mr. Froude in their *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Not only Mr. Froude, but poor Mrs. Carlyle suffered severely in that acrimonious work. By way of reply *My Relations* was published.

That little work is a set of notes, pencilled in a note-book, in the isle of Cuba (March 1887). The notes were, necessarily, written from memory, far away from documents, and, perhaps, were composed under the annoyance of a long and wearing controversy. Mr. Froude ended his paper thus: ‘I have written this that those who care for me may have something to rely upon if my honour and good faith are assailed after I am gone.’ It appears that, having relieved his mind by the composition, he never looked at it again, never revised it, never corrected it from documents or checked it by the memories of others, and never showed it to anyone. He locked it up in a despatch-box with some business papers. The tract is thus but a rough draft of an *apologia*.

It follows that we ought to read these notes in the light of Mr. Froude’s other works about Carlyle, if we want to understand

<sup>1</sup> By Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., and Alexander Carlyle. (John Lane.)



his estimate of the sage. But, even in these notes, he asserts that Carlyle's 'real nature was as beautiful as his intellect had been magnificent.'

What higher panegyric can family affection demand? I may be permitted, perhaps, to express sympathy with that emotion in Mr. Alexander Carlyle. To his kindness I owe a knowledge of, and leave to publish, Carlyle's letters to John Gibson Lockhart: letters which, by themselves, attest the essential tenderness, love, and sympathy of Carlyle's character. These qualities appear as conspicuously in many a page of Mr. Froude's books on the great humourist and historian. But there was, as certainly, another side of Carlyle. No princess of fairy tale was ever more sensitive to the crumpled rose-leaf, the pea under a pile of mattresses, than this scholar son of sturdy peasant ancestors.

No child ever cried out louder when hurt than our Stoic philosopher. No man more punctually neglected the duty of 'consuming his own smoke.' None was more frequently forgetful of our obligations to silence and self-restraint in petty matters, though in great matters, like the destruction of the work of years by Mrs. Taylor's cook, he showed himself a philosopher and a true gentleman. Yet he writes fretfully about the trivial sorrow that a long railway journey blackened his shirt collar!

Beyond all doubt he needed Mrs. Carlyle's reminder that he was 'no longer a child.' He was emphatically a very fractious and fretful infant. To keep house for him, Mrs. Carlyle said, was like keeping a mad-house. Of course she exaggerated in her humorous bitter Lowland manner. Nor was this all. Carlyle had not the reticent quality which Sir George Trevelyan praises in Lord Macaulay. When engaged on a book, he was very deeply absorbed in his work. Like other men of letters (*mea maxima culpa*!) he let the companion of his life hear about his work, to an extent enjoyable by few, and unendurable by a nervous ailing woman. It is told of Gauss the great mathematician that, when engaged on a problem, he learned that his wife was dying. 'Tell her to wait till I come,' he replied, so deeply absorbed was he. Mr. Carlyle had not only the physical sensitiveness, but the self-absorption of genius. To the misfortunes of others he was not always so sensitive. He refused with a sneer Mrs. Carlyle's request that he would accompany a frightened and suffering maid to the doctor's house. The absurd cause of her distress, a fly which had entered her ear, not the distress itself, happened to strike him.

Such a man, *ondoyant et divers*, was Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Froude, in his biography, drew the man to the best of his ability. He entertained Carlyle's own theory of biography. The whole truth must be told. 'The biographies of the great men of the past . . . are generally useless. They are idle and incredible panegyrics, with features drawn without shadows, false, conventional, and worthless.' Carlyle's own opinion about biography may be found in his article on Scott. Lockhart had dared to draw the features with the shadows, had shown the weakness with the strength. Beside Sir Walter's high and pure sense of honour he placed the record of his secret and forbidden partnership in trade. He did not hide the odd and unlucky devotion to the Ballantynes. Carlyle applauded Lockhart while the world condemned him. But Mr. Froude's theory of biography, derived from Carlyle, crumbled in his hands. Facts existed, at least in his opinion, which should not all be told. Carlyle was not Scott.

Our authors aver that Carlyle has been 'converted' by Mr. Froude 'into a grotesque monster compounded of strength and weakness, dignity and deformity.' But our authors themselves write freely about Carlyle's 'incongruous way'—for example, his incongruous way of writing 'acrid and stinging things about his most eminent contemporaries and private friends.' Now, is it not 'grotesque' that a great spiritual teacher should be an habitual back-biter? We are all, in fact, such grotesque monsters. The 'fears of the brave and follies of the wise' are proverbial.

How very weak the very wise,  
How very small the very great are!

Boswell's Dr. Johnson has been looked on as 'a grotesque monster.' Biography, written on Carlyle's plan, can seldom produce any other result. So far the fault, if fault it be, lies at Carlyle's door.

I shall now take some examples of our authors' method of criticism in detail, trying to avoid their bitter and angry tone. While convinced that they do not consciously 'attempt to mislead readers' (their charge against Mr. Froude), I hope to show that they fall into the very kind of errors of which they accuse Carlyle's biographer. They misquote, they blunder, and out of their blunders they frame charges against the dead.

Let us begin with the matter of Lady Ashburton.

That Mr. Carlyle was not 'in love' with her, that he never dreamed of disturbing her lord's domestic peace, we may feel

certain. He may have written to her 'extravagant letters,' as Mr. Froude says. The Scot, when not extremely reserved, is apt to be surprisingly effusive. 'It was, of course, the purest Gloriana worship,' says Mr. Froude. Our authors observe that he represents Carlyle 'as behaving with detestable meanness in making love to his friend's wife, at the very time when he was accepting favours from that friend's hand.' Mr. Froude does nothing of the kind. We all know what making love to a married woman means. It does not mean 'the purest Gloriana worship,' as of Raleigh to Elizabeth, and it is Gloriana worship that Mr. Froude ascribes to Carlyle. Consequently, it is not 'a sufficient answer' to say that Lord Ashburton read the letters, and 'cannot have thought them offensive.' 'Offensive' they were not. They were 'Gloriana worship' of the purest. As to one phrase, however, of Mr. Froude's, I must conceive that he overlooked its bearing. He writes that Carlyle 'had made Lady Ashburton the object of the same idolatrous homage which he had once paid to her,' to his wife. But Carlyle had made love to his wife, and love is not 'Gloriana worship.' Meanwhile, we know what Mrs. Carlyle came to think of the affair of Gloriana. I mainly agree with our authors in thinking that Carlyle's senile tirades of what he called remorse were occasioned, not by recollection of physical violence on his own part, nor of a lawless love for Lady Ashburton, nor of an alleged infirmity of his own. What he regretted was a series of self-absorbed failures in sympathy, failures to appreciate her degree of illness, and a habit of boring her about the strategy of Frederick the Great. All these 'littles' make a 'mickle,' and Carlyle lamented his old defects of tact and sympathy. Among these were the pedestrian excursions of 'thousands of miles' made to Bath House, when Mrs. Carlyle, as she complains, was ill, 'as sad as death,' and lonely. A man should sacrifice the most harmless enjoyments to a wife in such a condition. Probably Carlyle, too late, repented of missing opportunities of self-sacrifice. Mr. Froude interpreted his regrets otherwise; I only state my impression. But certainly Mrs. Carlyle often took a very serious view of her own wrongs, as she esteemed them. She often, she declares, threatened to leave Carlyle for ever.

In fact, the pair did, on occasions not few, live 'a cat and dog life.' But our authors blame Mr. Froude, as a biographer, for making this fact obvious. A fact it is, no fair mind can blink it. When Mr. Carlyle, bereaved of his wife, came to read her papers he felt what any man of heart would have felt—remorse.

Who could help it? Which of us has no occasion for such an emotion? Carlyle may have exaggerated in his use of the word 'remorse'—he exaggerated in everything—but he must have felt what every man must have felt, in reading Mrs. Carlyle's lamentations. It is highly probable that the garrulous pair to some extent deceived Mr. Froude: the lady by her gibes and complaints; the man by his Titanic exclamations of pain and regret. Mr. Froude was not used to 'a cat and dog life.' He may not always have understood that the dog and the cat were true lovers all their days, though I am certain that this was their estate. Theirs were *amantium iræ*; their letters prove as much. But 'they fought bitter and regular, like man and wife.' Mr. Froude is not to be regarded as a spiteful romancer because he stated the case as he conceived it, and very naturally conceived it: he not being a Lowland Scot, and not having played dog to the cat of any lady.

As to Miss Jewsbury's too notorious tale, I have not perused Sir James Crichton-Browne's esoteric comments in a journal of the profession of healing. But it is not unfair to say that a somewhat grotesque version of Miss Jewsbury's story reached me long ago, and proceeded, not from Miss Jewsbury, but from a very different source, at which I cannot even hint. An illustrious name is not to be dragged into this unhappy problem. I have not the ghost of an opinion on the matter; to me the story is simply an unwholesome mystery. It is certain that many obvious circumstances, as our authors justly remark, appear to give the lie to the tale. Yet I am, for excellent reasons, unable to feel convinced that Miss Jewsbury invented, unaided, what she should never have reported. Miss Jewsbury reiterated her narrative 'in her last illness, when she knew that she was dying.' How do our authors know that Miss Jewsbury 'survived seven years after her revelation'—after this death-bed revelation? As to the first disclosure, Mr. Froude writes 'she did not live long after this.' She lived seven years, it is replied: if so, a slip of memory is pardonable. Our authors, to get their 'seven years,' date from 1873, when Mr. Froude believed that he received the commission to be Carlyle's biographer. But they themselves, following the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, date that occurrence in 1877. This date is contested. Mr. Froude believed that the papers for the Carlyle biography were handed to him in 1873, or early in 1874, on what seems good evidence. I do not observe that our authors notice this point. Sir James Stephen states it thus: 'Your

reason was that you remembered observations made by your late wife, who died in February 1874, on matters of personal interest to her contained in the papers.' In any case Miss Jewsbury reiterated her deplorable narrative 'in her last illness, when she knew that she was dying.' I do not accept her story, but I am unconvinced that Miss Jewsbury *invented* it.

As to the celebrated 'two blue marks on the wrist,' they seem wholly unimportant, though it is unlikely that they were caused by one of the insect foes of the great insecticide, a suggestion made by our authors. But Mr. Froude thought the record momentous, and—certainly in no malignant spirit—desired its suppression, as did the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle. Had Mr. Froude been a spiteful biographer, he would not, with his theory of the origin of the marks, have tried to veil them in oblivion.

As to Mr. Froude's account of the relations of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, then, it leaves me of the firm opinion that the pair were very dear to each other, but that undeniable faults of temperament and of exaggerative speech caused them to 'torment' (as Mrs. Carlyle says) each other and themselves. Mr. Froude represents Mrs. Carlyle as saying 'mournfully' that her husband 'had taken from her the creed in which she had been bred': her parents professed the Westminster Confession of Faith. Calvinism was perhaps no great loss. But Mr. Froude has elsewhere printed Mrs. Carlyle's own confession that Virgil (almost sainted by the mediæval Church) and other subversive Latin authors (Lucretius perhaps?) 'changed my religion, if I could be said to have one.' Mrs. Carlyle may have given various versions, at various times, of her change in religious opinion. Our authors call her 'a worldly little woman,' and a godless. They add, 'Froude would have us believe that in relation to his wife Carlyle was an iconoclast and a faith wrecker, an atheist of the most blatant type.' Yet, in this very passage, Mr. Froude speaks of 'that confidence which sustained Carlyle in his uncertainties that the Maker of all things would do right. . . . He believed, or thought he believed, in a special Providence.' This is hardly the attitude of blatant Atheism, which Mr. Froude is said by our authors to attribute to Carlyle. What Mr. Froude does say is that Mrs. Carlyle orally attributed to her husband the loss of her faith, while her husband could not induce her to accept his own positive theism. Mr. Froude says that Carlyle believed, or thought he believed, in 'a special Providence.' Our authors say that he 'had a lurking belief in a Particular Providence,' whatever either of these phrases



may mean. And then our authors aver that Mr. Froude wants us to believe that Carlyle 'in relation to his wife' was a most blatant atheist! They ought to be more careful.

There is a good deal of writing about the relative social status of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. They were not equal by birth. We have only to look at the portraits of Carlyle's mother, on one hand—an old peasant woman—and of Mrs. Carlyle's father and mother, who have the dress and air of gentlefolk.

How Carlyle's father could have been the representative of the baronial House of Torthorwald, or Torthorald, I fail to understand. That House, at the end of the sixteenth century, was represented (I think) by an heiress, who married Douglas of Parkhead. He avenged on James Stewart (Arran) of the House of Ochiltree the death of the Regent Morton, and, in turn, was slain by another Stewart in the streets of Edinburgh. I ask, then, how any modern Carlyle could represent the House of Torthorald? I also venture to inform our authors that *bête noir* is not French, and that neither a *cimex lectularius* nor anything else can be designated as a *bête noir*.

As to Mrs. Carlyle's hard household work, probably she liked and grumbled at it; and Mr. Froude may have misunderstood the archaic Annandale frugalities which were carried to Cheyne Row. I do not observe that our authors reject the anecdote about Carlyle's noble sentiments concerning his outworn horse and his sale of the animal for 10*l*. For all that I know, the steed was sold to a kind master and had a happy home. But why *sell* him? Such traits of character are grotesque, are contradictory.

We now come to the perhaps insoluble problem about Carlyle's dealings with his papers in regard to Mr. Froude. It is a question complicated by the oral and documentary instructions of an aged man, no longer firm of purpose or sound of memory. The variations of other memories, with the diverse opinions of eminent lawyers, complicate the puzzle. Our affair is not to allow passion to add to the perplexity.

In 1871, says Mr. Froude, Carlyle brought to him his wife's letters and a copy of his Memoir of her. 'He gave them simply to me. Afterwards he seemed to have forgotten this, for he bequeathed them to me in his Will' (1873). He said, in 1871, 'They are yours to publish or not to publish, as you please, after I am gone.' When Carlyle wrote the Memoir he added a note, forbidding publication. That note Mr. Froude believed to have been orally cancelled by Carlyle. That is Mr. Froude's statement. I hold



it to contain absolutely his honest impression of what occurred. Our authors aver that 'his memory played him false.' It is not, of course, impossible. In another transaction as to Carlyle, Mr. Froude found that his memory *had* 'played him false,' and he expressed his regret with honourable candour. Our authors say: 'If Carlyle made a gift of these papers to him in 1871, it is remarkable that he should specifically bequeath them to him by Will, in 1873.' Mr. Froude also says that Mr. Carlyle 'seemed to have forgotten' the gift of 1871. Is this impossible in an old and grief-stricken man? Apparently, when Mr. Carlyle made his will (February 6, 1873) Mr. Froude had these papers in his keeping. Carlyle says in his Will: 'Of that manuscript my kind considerate and ever faithful friend James Anthony Froude (as he has lovingly promised me) takes precious charge in my stead.' I myself, under correction, understand these words to mean that Mr. Froude, as he himself tells us, was *already* the custodian of the documents. Our authors, on the other hand, say that 'they contain notes by Carlyle dated in 1873.' On February 6, 1873, Carlyle declares in his Will that he is 'for the last four years imperatively forbidden to write further on it, or even to look further into it.' When did he break this imperative prohibition?

Our authors go on: 'It was in that year, 1873, Froude alleges, that Carlyle sent to him in a box a collection of letters, diaries, memoirs, miscellanies of endless sorts, with a request that he would undertake his biography, for which these were the materials, and yet in that very year Carlyle left to his brother John all his manuscripts, except the Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, given to Froude. . . . At the very moment when Froude represents Carlyle as thrusting papers upon him, and insisting on his undertaking the unsought-for task of composing his biography, Carlyle wrote in his Will: "Express biography of me I had really rather that there should be none."'

*At the very moment!* Mr. Froude says not a word about any 'very moment.' The Will was made on February 6, 1873, and at no moment more minutely specified than 'two years later' (than 1871) Carlyle sent in 'a box of letters, diaries, memoirs, miscellanies of endless sorts, the accumulations of a life.' Obviously Mr. Carlyle might alter his mind between February 6 and December 31, 1873. Possibly Carlyle now regarded these manuscripts as among the 'other furtherances and elucidations' (of the papers on Mrs. Carlyle) which he bequeathed to Mr. Froude in 1873. The manuscripts left to Dr. John Carlyle (Mr. Froude

says, without his knowledge), 'my other manuscripts,' as Carlyle calls them, are described in the Will as 'with one exception of no moment to me. I have never seen any of them since they were written.' The exception was a sketch of Carlyle's father. To myself it seems that Carlyle altered his mind about a biography of himself, and, whether forgetting the bequest to Dr. John or not, sent some papers to Mr. Froude in 1873.

According to Mr. Froude, 'about a year before Mr. Carlyle's death,' he learned from the sage that he was to 'give the papers to Mary' (the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle) when he 'had done with them.'

'Hitherto I had looked on those papers as my own.' Mary, on the other hand, said that the papers had been given to her, *inter vivos*, in 1875, with the consent of Dr. John Carlyle, to whom, in 1873, they had been bequeathed. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle added that, in 1877, she entrusted the papers, or many of them, to Mr. Froude, for purposes of biography. If so, Mr. Froude did not receive all the manuscripts from Carlyle in 1873.

This conflict of memories is very baffling, though I make no doubt, I cannot doubt, that both memories were absolutely honest. Certainly Mrs. A. Carlyle received papers, and many other gifts, from her uncle, in 1875. Mr. Froude writes that, 'about a year' before Carlyle's death, Carlyle surprised him, 'when we were driving in a carriage,' by saying: 'When you have done with these papers of mine give them to Mary.' Our authors, who rightly insist on meticulous accuracy, print this 'give them back to Mary' (my italics). Again, Mrs. A. Carlyle writes that, when she sent to Mr. Froude the papers in 1877, Mr. Carlyle 'told me distinctly that he had taken care I should have them all back again.' It by no means follows that, as our authors aver, Mr. Froude 'was explicitly told, when the first papers were lent to him in 1877, that they were to be restored. Carlyle's own purposes had become vacillating, and his memory, I think, imperfect.

Both Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Froude agree that (in February 1879—Mr. Froude is vague as to the date) Carlyle spoke to Mr. Froude about sending back the papers, while the two were driving together: Mr. Froude says 'in a carriage'; Mrs. A. Carlyle says 'in a hansom cab.' Mr. Froude honestly conceived that this was the first occasion on which he was told that the papers were to be sent back to Mrs. A. Carlyle.

A year later (February 1880), Mr. Froude wrote to Mrs. A. Carlyle: 'It has long been settled that you were to have the entire

collection when I had done with it.' The year was a 'long' time; quite enough to justify the phrase. Mr. Froude, till 1879, two years before Carlyle's death (February 1881), thought the papers his own, but our authors declare that he was 'at that very time acknowledging that it had been "*long settled*"' that they were to be returned to Carlyle's niece. How can February 1879 be 'the very [same] time' as February 1880, when Mr. Froude wrote the letter cited?

I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Froude entirely believed, before February 1879, that the Carlyle papers had been given to him, and given by Carlyle—not lent to him by Mrs. A. Carlyle. Our authors appear to admit this. 'Had Froude known how he came to be possessed of all Carlyle's private letters, journals, &c., he would scarcely have boasted as he did in his letter to the *Times* of February 14, 1881, of the trust Carlyle had placed in him.' Very well; Mr. Froude, it seems to be acknowledged, did not know the facts. Again, in February 1881, his memory of February 1879, the date of the driving incident, cannot have been obliterated. But, in February 1881, as in 1887, he wrote to Mrs. A. Carlyle: 'It was not until the year before last [1879] that he [Carlyle] desired me to return them [the papers] to you when I had done with them.' In 1887 Mr. Froude might have thought, by a lapse of memory, that he received the papers of Carlyle in 1873, not in 1877. But it seems certain to me (as in the passage just cited, to our authors) that Mr. Froude, in 1879, did not know that he was receiving the papers from Carlyle's niece. He never heard of it, I conceive, till February 1879. Carlyle himself was probably the cause of all this confusion.

Our authors, in any case, have failed, once again, to quote Mr. Froude accurately. He writes, as to the incident while driving (in a carriage or cab), that it occurred '*about* a year before Carlyle's death.' Our authors put it 'until a year before Carlyle's death.' Mr. Froude's vague phrase, '*about* a year,' really denoted just two years (February 1879 to February 1881) before Carlyle expired. We get the exact date (February 1879) from Mrs. A. Carlyle, but our authors overlook the fact, unconsciously of course, and so try to prove that Mr. Froude was acknowledging that the return of the papers had been '*long settled*' at the very time when he also tells us that he first discovered they were not his own. Yet they publish the right date (February 1879) on page 140, and also on page 86.

In two pages our authors have twice misquoted Mr. Froude,

and have misstated by a year a date which they give themselves on the authority of their own witness. By these means they are enabled to bring their charge against Mr. Froude. But they do not 'attempt to mislead the reader.' Their bias, or some other mental confusion, has led them to misunderstand the case, just as when they accuse Mr. Froude of wishing us to believe that Carlyle was 'a blatant atheist,' when Mr. Froude was, in fact, insisting on Carlyle's belief in a Deity.

I have no space for a discussion of the perplexing questions about ownership in copyrights, and about Mrs. A. Carlyle's failure completely to understand a certain memorandum. To my lay mind the said memorandum was completely unintelligible till I took legal opinion (*Nemesis of Froude*, pp. 130-133). There ensued a discussion in which two eminent legists were on opposite sides, a discussion which I cannot hope to elucidate.

On one other point I must say a few words. Our authors open with a quotation from the *Times*. 'It is said' that Mr. Froude stayed only one day at Hatfield, when he was invited to examine the Cecil archives, for his great *History of England*. I do not know anything about Mr. Froude's stay at Hatfield. But it is absolutely certain that his study of the Cecil Papers, then uncalendared and only accessible in the old and very difficult handwriting, must have been the occupation of many years. With the Spanish Papers—also then unprinted—at Simancas, the Cecil Papers are, throughout, Mr. Froude's chief manuscript sources. The story of his one day's residence at Hatfield is either false or meaningless. The *Times* also said: 'Though he visited Simancas and stayed some time there, it is unquestionable that he learned comparatively little about the records there preserved.'

This I flatly deny.

Mr. Froude presented his transcripts from the Simancas Papers to the British Museum, for the use of other students. Have our authors examined them? If not, how can they accept, without inquiry, a crude remark from a newspaper?

If ever any historian gave demonstrative proof of his absolute honesty, Mr. Froude gave it, when he offered his valuable collections to the country. They enable us, without going to Simancas, to correct some errors in Mr. Froude's own work; especially one error, a slip of the pen in translating a date, which produces a result directly contrary to his own historical bias.

In more than one place, especially in my *History of Scotland*, I have pointed out what I cannot but take to be errors, of method

and detail, in Mr. Froude's handling of his documents. But I found these slips and oversights by comparing the references with authorities which he himself gave. The result has been to convince me that though Mr. Froude, like most if not all historians, was subject to error, he never wilfully and consciously 'attempted to mislead his readers.' The simple truth is that every historian has his conception of his subject, as every scientific inquirer has his hypothesis. By a law of the mind the conception or the hypothesis tends to blind us to the values of contradictory evidence. We may fail to see it, or the force of it. No man can print all the documents in a case. I am very conscious of having omitted to cite evidence contrary to my view, say, of Mary of Guise: the simple fact being that I failed to observe the existence of that record. Friendly historians of Knox, again, have failed to cite evidence which I have—not omitted! But our authors state this human failing thus—in Mr. Froude's case—'giving garbled extracts of documents, and omitting of set purpose such portions of them as did not fit in with his views.' Now, in a crucial part of his *History of England*, Mr. Froude does omit parts of a document which 'do not fit in with his own views.' But I am certain that he omitted the words because he regarded them, he easily might, as surplusage, and as merely obscuring the reader's understanding of the passage. Though my prepossessions as to this matter were the very opposite of Mr. Froude's, I find that I have made the same mistake.

There was an error on the part of the historian, but to talk of 'set purpose' is merely to show ignorance of human nature, and of its unconscious failings when engaged on the delicate task of historical composition. I apply the same measure to what I must reckon as the unconscious errors of the authors of *The Nemesis of Froude*.

A. L.



## *First o' May.*

**I**T was the first of May, and the village was evidently trying to live up to the day's reputation. The red dawn was yet flaring in the eastern sky, and the thrushes were still at matins, but Larkchurch Street was full of laughter, and from the corner of the lane that goes down to Lanbridge came the shout of revellers.

At this corner there is a well, and this morning it had for bodyguard a youth and a maid armed with boughs of the wild cherry in full bloom. Across the road was a group of maids and men, who shouted and laughed as the pair by the well, dipping their boughs in the water, saluted each new comer with a shower that flashed in the sunshine and left its mark on white linen frocks. No offence was taken at this proceeding by the victims of it, for this was part of the Maying rites—which are sacred—and as the sprinkling was accompanied with the wish, 'A happy May to 'ee!' nothing but good humour was possible.

When a sufficient number had gathered, the pair left the well, and the whole party, armed with twigs of hazel, moved into the village street, and amid shouting and laughter and to the somewhat discordant accompaniment of a concertina and a mouth organ, began to beat the doors of the cottages, until lattices were thrown open, and tousled heads and smiling faces appeared to give and to receive May greetings!

To one door, almost the last in the village, they paid particular attention—that of the house of Honour Huddy, spinster. But all the tow-rowing and beating at the door with switches elicited no response, though they made noise enough to waken the seven sleepers. The leaded lattice remained closed and no sign of life appeared about the house. At length the youthful crowd desisted.

'Her do zleep terr'ble sound!' said one.

'Zo her do, if her be zleeping!' chimed in a second whilst



another gravely contemplated the door and remarked: 'We've a took off a smart lot o' paint!'

'Zo us have, an' I doubt we've awasted labour. Honour baint at whome or we'd have heerd from her by this. I reckon she'm too smart for us!'

'I reckon!' said another. 'But let's give one more rat-a-tan before we goa, in case. 'Tis most time we were off to the junketing!' And so the row commenced anew, and a little more paint flew from the door.

And well beyond the first stile in the fields behind the house Honour Huddy smiled to herself as she heard the hubbub through the still morning air. She was well pleased with herself for having cheated 'they Mayers,' and pausing for a moment or two she watched them as, desisting from their door rapping, they straggled in couples through the long grove of elms behind the church and so to the field path that comes out by 'The Green Bay Tree'—a noted junketing house well up the Axminster Road.

Her own course diverged somewhat from theirs, and was towards a copse that lay in a hollow of Checkridge Farm, well out of the sight of the road and remote from the house and the commonly traversed field path.

By the time she reached her destination the sun was up, the dew was iridescent on bramble and hazel, and the rooks, mated this seven weeks, were clamouring, larks were singing, and somewhere in the copse a blackbird was whistling for his mate. The air was alive with love, with the hum and music of mating things, and as Honour seated herself upon a fallen tree (after spreading a pocket-handkerchief to save her white dress from soiling), a sudden sense of loneliness and of sadness quite alien from this spring morning awoke within her, and she went back in retrospect for thirty years.

Every first of May in those years she had come to this copse on Checkridge Farm to perform the sacred rites due to the month. It was not a frequented place, and only once, and that nine years ago, did she remember having been disturbed by the presence of other May worshippers. But the charm of the retreat lay less in its loneliness than in its associations. Thirty years ago this very morning, as she told herself, she had first come to the edge of the copse for the May rites, and then she had not come alone.

John Whitmore had accompanied her and had wandered round the copse, whilst she dabbled in the wet grass and caught the May dew in which to wash her face—dew that, as all the maids in Arcady know, gives enduring beauty. After that they had gone

to 'The Green Bay Tree' together, to eat cream and jam with bread, later to the club-walking at Axminster, and had come home promised to each other. But there had been a disagreement. John, with the usual haste of men, in pique had married a cousin from Dorchester way, but Honour had not found another man to her liking. John's wife had been dead many years—fourteen years come next Axminster fair—and though Honour and he often met, he had not——

The spinster put the thought from her as an unmaidenly one, and made a brave attempt to shake off her sadness. Then she looked at the dewy grass, at her feet, at the bright world about her, and remarked aloud, 'Well, there, I must do et, I suppose!'

First she glanced cautiously round to see that no one was in sight, then she slipped off her elastic sided boots, another look round, and she drew off her stockings, revealing a pair of shapely ankles and feet white as milk. Somewhat gingerly she stepped into the cold wet grass, and, producing a small enamelled dish, began to flick the dew from the herbage into the dish. When she judged she had sufficient for her purpose she took from her pocket a small sponge, and bathed her face with the elixir of beauty she had collected. This part of the ritual completed, and a year's good looks assured, she carried her dish to the fallen tree and, leaving it there, lifted up her skirts ever so little and began to paddle about in the dewy grass. This, barring thistles and such drawbacks, is a far from unpleasant operation, and as Honour waded about she renewed her youth, the pleasures of old lost Mays came back to her, the zest of living, and the desire of youth to have its fling.

Unconsciously she lifted the skirts a little higher and turned to the longer grass. For some minutes she meandered about, stooping now and then to pick a cowslip or two, which she fastened in the bosom of her dress by way of posy; and, when she turned towards the tree, meaning to resume her boots and stockings, a little shriek came from her, and she dropped her skirts hurriedly. By the tree a man was standing, watching her with contemplative eyes. For an instant she stood still, her heart 'all of a twitter,' as she afterwards described it, and then, recognising her old lover, she moved forward again.

'Marning, Honour! A happy May to 'ee!'

'Thank 'ee kindly, Jan. The zame to 'ee, ef I may make zo bold!'

Then, being come to the tree and anxious to resume her

stockings, she stood in some embarrassment whilst the farmer made conversation.

'A terr'ble fine marning vor the time of the year!'

'Terr'ble!' responded Honour.

'An' everything promising well; blossom on the trees, grass in the vields, and pigs in the sty. I can't mind a year that promised zo well, not vor this twenty years, can 'ee?'

'Noa,' said Honour.

The farmer was at the end of his resources, so far as spring went, and turned to more personal topics.

'I zee 'ee've abeen paddling in the grass wi' your bare veet, Honour'—this with a discreet glance towards the stockings which shamelessly displayed their whole length across the tree-trunk.

Honour, in some confusion, nodded, the blood surging to her cheeks in a rosy tide.

The farmer pursued his thought relentlessly.

'Terr'ble nice feet 'ee've got, Honour. Now, I'll wager a sovereign that 'ee can't think what was in my mind about 'em when I came upon 'ee just now walking out there in the old meadow.'

He paused a moment to give her the opportunity of replying; then, as Honour said nothing, resumed:

'Why, I was thinking they were like May-lilies twinkling in the green grass.'

Honour flushed anew at this praise, and then found her tongue.

'Stuff an' nonsense, Jan! 'Ee was always one for poetry an' such like voolishness. But can't 'ee zee I want to get into my stockings an' boots again?—for, though May dew be good for beauty, 'tis terr'ble bad for rheumatics. Zo, if 'ee'll oblige, I'll just trouble 'ee to walk round the spinney while I do draw 'em on.'

Jan obediently skirted the spinney exactly as he had done on a May morning thirty years before; and, as he went, he hummed a song that he had not once thought of in all those thirty years.

'Oh, will you accept of a mus-e-lin so blue,

To wear all in the morning and to dabble in the dew?'

'No; I will not accept of the mus-e-lin so blue,

To wear all in the morning and to dabble in the dew,

Nor I'll walk, nor I'll talk with you!'

'Oh, will you accept of a kiss from loving heart,  
That we may join together and never more may part?'  
'Yes; I will accept of a kiss from loving heart  
That we may join together and never more may part,  
And I'll walk, and I'll talk with you!'

What relation this song had to the impulse that overcame him I cannot tell; but the fact is that, by the time he had reached the end of it and circled the spinney, he had taken a new resolution. Going up to Honour, who had finished her toilet and stood twiddling the enamelled dish, he asked, 'An' now, I d' suppose, 'ee'll be going to the "Bay Tree"?'

'Nothing of the kind, Jan Whitmore. What for should I go tramping off to a junketing house?'

'Tis the usual thing,' said the farmer stolidly.

'Yees, vor them that be young an' voolish an'——'

'Now, come, Honour, 'ee'm none so terr'ble wold yourself; an' I do allow that there bain't a purtier maid down to the "Bay Tree" this May morning. You'm looking sweet as a vield o' clover before et bottles, an' vor ankles I'll wager——'

'Go along with your nonsense, Varmer Whitmore.'

But for all that the spinster looked far from ill-pleased; and perhaps the farmer's comparison of her charms was not a bad one.

'I'll goa with 'ee,' said the farmer. 'Drow that little dish in the hedge an' come along now, will 'ee? 'Tis many a long May zince I was to the old "Green Bay Tree."'

'I don't know,' began Honour doubtfully.

'Now, just to oblige me,' said the farmer. 'Let me tak' thic li'l' dish. Now, dear!' and, suiting the action to the word, he took it and tossed it among the primroses in the hedge; then, taking her arm, turned towards the nearest gate.

Honour turned with him and, when they struck the field path, shyly allowed him to help her over stiles. In the extravagance of youth he had kissed her at every one of them thirty years before; but this morning he had not the courage, for how could he know that this was the very thing Honour was waiting for? But as they came to the 'Kissing Gate,' where the path strikes the road a stone's throw from the inn, the farmer felt that the time had come. Not a couple would have passed through, that morning, without the toll being demanded and paid, so he pushed his way through first and held the gate firmly whilst he looked at Honour. The roses were in her cheeks, and she was all tremulous expectation.

'Tis the law, Honour ; an' do zeem the only proper thing to do—leastways on a May morning.'

The spinster looked round shyly—she would not have done it thirty years ago—then paid the toll and passed through the gate.

But they had been seen, for, just as the tax was levied and paid, a lad and a maid came round the corner of the inn and met them half-way. The girl was smiling, and in the lad's eye there came a mirthful twinkle as he saw who the couple were. There was more red than usual in the farmer's face, and in Honour's the blood was running in rosy tides. There was a moment's embarrassment, and then the girl's wit saved the situation.

'A merry maying to 'ee, varmer !' she said pleasantly.

'And luck to your maid !' chimed in her swain.

'Zame to yours !' responded the farmer boisterously, whilst Honour, not to be outdone in courtesy, gave wish for wish :

'Tis a pleasant morning, and I wish you joy for May !'

And so they came to 'The Green Bay Tree.'

The inn was full of Mayers exuberant with youth and joyous with young love. These had overflowed into the garden, where gipsy tables and chairs were scattered about for such as had need. Inside the house a musical-box played 'With Jockey to the Fair,' and to this exhilarating tune the customers ate their fill of clotted cream and jam and bread.

The farmer found a quiet place for Honour and himself under an old stubbard apple-tree in the orchard behind the house. The exuberant holiday-makers in the front of the house were out of sight, their laughter and the tinkle of the musical-box had a far-away sound. The young grass of the orchard was dusted with fallen blossoms, and that which the trees still retained was a glory to behold. But Farmer Whitmore had no thought for this quiet and no eye for this beauty. He furtively watched Honour's face, which, whether as the effect of May-dew or some more occult cause, seemed to have grown wonderfully young again. He felt fairly youthful himself, and he had not been a-maying for—'Why, bless me ! for this thirty years !' And last time it was with Honour. All the intervening years faded from mind, and, moved by a sudden impulse, he took Honour's hand.

'Tis terr'ble like wold times !'

'Terr'ble !' said Honour with a blush. There was a pause, during which a blackbird fluted melodiously.

'An' terr'ble pleasant—hey, Honour ?'

'Tes all that !' the spinster replied.

Another pause, during which he gripped Honour's hand more firmly, though she had made no motion to withdraw it.

'Do 'ee remember the last time we was a-maying to the "Bay Tree"?''

'Iss! we zat under the big lilac to the front of the house!'

'Zo we did! An' I did kiss 'ee there—do 'ee call et to mind?'

'Iss!' And this time the answer was in a whisper.

'I do zeem as I can't do better than do as I did then. What do 'ee zay, my dear?'

Honour said nothing, and her eyelids dropped as became a modest maiden. The farmer bent towards her, and, oblivious of time and place and the innkeeper's wife, who had just entered the orchard, renewed the experiences of his youth.

'Well, I never did!' The exclamation was from the innkeeper's wife, and the farmer started away, whilst the spinster hid her face in her handkerchief.

'Oh, Farmer Whitmore, 'ee've no call to look as though 'ee'd stole a cow, an' your maid haven't nothing to be ashamed of in an honest kiss! Though, bobs-a-dies! it *do* zeem as when a man an' maid o' your years do teake to kissin' under a stubbard tree 't is most time to put up the banns!' And the woman turned back to the house laughing merrily.

'Et *do* zeem zo!' said the farmer, smiting his knee energetically. 'Et do! Vor sure tes most time to put up the banns, though the ooman have no call to shout it to all the wide world like that! What do 'ee zay—dear?'

'I'll leave it to 'ee, Jan!' said the spinster, lifting the handkerchief from her face for one fleeting moment.

'Then vor zure I'll stroll round to the pa'son's this very morning, an' we'll be called whome come next Zunday, zo zure as I be a living man we will!'

And this time when Honour took her handkerchief down the farmer kissed her squarely, and neither felt any call to be ashamed of an honest kiss.

BEN BOLT.



## *Young Russian and Young Englishman.*

THE Russian 'Society for the Circulation of Useful Books'—or 'Obshtchestvo rasprostraneniya polieznikh knig,' for those who desire a difficult exercise in phonetics—provides the peasant with a variety of cheap and improving literature. For next to nothing it will sell you stories of ancient Russian heroes and saints, or folk tales, half humorous and half pathetic, of a quaintly primitive Slavonic flavour. Give a few kopecks more, and you may possess a translation of Shakespeare, or a biography of some benefactor of humanity, such as Livingstone, George Stephenson, or Dr. Jenner. The three cheap things in Russia are books, boots, and cab-fares. With a penny and a farthing in your pocket you are a large potential buyer in the first at the little shop near the Kouznietski Most, in one of the arcades leading from this Regent Street of Moscow.

This Society recently published a series dealing with foreign universities, and, first among them, by L. A. Bogdanovitch, a little book dealing with those of England. Partly original and partly a compilation, it is wholly unpretentious, yet provides amusing and not unprofitable reading for an Englishman. It is the familiar which determines what aspects we are likely to observe of the unfamiliar, and a Russian, in writing of our universities, naturally has his own at the back of his mind; but to retrace this course in order to appreciate the point of view from which the book is written is a difficult task. Russian universities are not easily isolated for purposes of study. Oxford and Cambridge dominate their own small towns, but in Russia the universities are swallowed up in the life of big cities.

That of Moscow is the greatest of them, yet, as a rule, the tourist will spend his week in Moscow, and never knowingly see the university buildings or a single student. He will carry away a jumble of impressions, among them the memory of the dusty, uneven cobbles which made his teeth rattle and his eyes blink,

the glare of whitewashed houses, and those dim little refuges from both—the churches, with their thick walls and tiny barred windows, not letting in enough of the outer sunshine to pale the reflection of the smoky yellow candlelight on the glistening walls. But there is no aroma about student life there that will attract him, no antiquity about the university buildings, nor character in the institution. Sometimes chance will lead suddenly on to its trail. In the centre part of the city, looking across some gardens at the high northern wall of the Kremlin, stands the Riding School, a great solid block of a building. Where Murray leads, the traveller, as a rule, follows. Murray offers the information that this building possesses one of the biggest single-span roofs in existence, supporting the proposition by statistics as to various railway stations, and King's Chapel, Cambridge. Those who take no interest in stresses and other mechanical subtleties will find another and more living interest here. It was here that, during recent disturbances, the police herded the rebellious students under arrest all night. This is like a sudden breath in the dark from the nostrils of that mysteriously elusive but pervading body, the Russian bureaucracy. The great disappointment to the tourist in this country is the extreme tameness and orderliness of everything. In gratitude, therefore, he will ask where the university lies, and will discover it on the opposite corner of the square in a low, yellowish, irregular clump of buildings.

But the spirit of rebellion is not the keynote of Russian student life, whatever importance it may have as a symptom. This is in the main as crushed, dull, and spiritless as these buildings are unattractive. In a country where the mental activity even of the mature is strenuously supervised and shepherded along an appointed track, it is not to be expected that the education of the young should go free. They make every effort to stamp deeply with the imperial sign while the material is still easily worked. The university is as much a State institution as the army. Its laws, officials, and activities are appointed from above. In the reign of Alexander II. it received some self-government. In the reign of Alexander III. it lost it again. Events followed a parallel course in a smaller but typical matter. In the reign of Alexander II. the students' uniform was abolished, and in the reign of Alexander III. re-introduced. Now, but for the innate tendency of such a body to think and live for itself, it would be just such a shadow of a university as imperial decrees could create and keep together.

Most characteristic of the bureaucracy, far more so than the dramatic terrors of Siberian exile and Cossack charges which we habitually attribute to it, is the system of petty repression and espionage which it adopts towards the social life of the students. No clubs are allowed, for however innocent a purpose. Even ordinary friendship, if it leads to the formation of anything like a clique, is suspected and watched. But the repressive is not the only evil side of the Government's policy. Its well-meant efforts for the advancement of learning have equally lamentable results. The special privileges given to those who pass through the university course, like bounties acting on the flow of capital, force a superfluity of the Russian youth into these channels. And this superfluity, unlike inanimate capital, has a power of suffering which makes it a curse to itself. Hunger, poverty, struggles, and bitterness await the sons of the small tradesman or the despised and semi-pauper village priest at these seats of learning.

Anyone who knows the grey and blue of the students' uniform will observe plain signs of this poverty. One has but to stand at the university gates, as the lecture-rooms empty, to notice how many are without linen collar, or have ragged cuffs and trouser ends, and trodden-down boots. Many face the wind which blows over the snow in winter in a light unfurred overcoat. Some go even without goloshes, the hallmark of Russian respectability in winter-time. Money flows like water for the poor student, and authorities scheme and debate over what is admittedly a great evil. In the essential unsoundness of conditions this only allows numbers to grow in continued disproportion to means of support. Quite a large proportion live on a siege diet of black bread and sour soup. They will herd four or five together in one room, often a den below the ground level with an unbreathable atmosphere, and are forced to devote so much time to giving private lessons that little remains for lectures and less for reading. In tramping to their pupils in these cities of big distances and poor communications they become excellent pedestrians in spite of an unsustaining diet. They too often learn little and suffer much.

If a high degree of contrast is any help, the Russian should find much worth observing in the externals of Oxford and Cambridge life. First of all there are stately dining-halls, gorgeous chapels, and sets of comfortable rooms in place of dens and garrets. Dinner among the English, in the university as elsewhere, is a ceremony and almost a rite. The dining-hall shares with the chapel the honour of first exhibition to the visitor. At the dinner

hour the towns vibrate with the clanging of bells, and the streets are filled with hurrying undergraduates in their queer black mantles, and quaintly made hats with square tops like the helmet of a Uhlan. The long tables fill up, the Latin grace is said, and dinner goes ceremoniously forward under the service of black-coated servants, while at the high table they enjoy their own choicer foods.

But more striking and characteristic even than this wealth and comfort is the cult of sport. There is no repressive bureaucracy to check the growth of the club, the common type and medium of all forms of social activity here. They bud and bloom and decay almost daily in the electric atmosphere of comradeship and liberty. But confining himself to 'sport,' and considering the number of its branches to which each college devotes a separate club, Mr. Bogdanovitch calculates, with probable correctness, that the number of athletic clubs in each university runs into hundreds. As each of these clubs has its distinctive uniform, the streets about midday present a parti-coloured appearance, being filled with undergraduates in their 'sportsmen's costumes.'

'Generally this uniform consists in a short jacket of some bright colour, striped or checked, with the college crest on the breast; light-coloured short knickers, a little cap, and leather or stuff slippers finish the costume, and taken together make up something resembling the costume of an acrobat or a clown. The expert, seeing an undergraduate in such a costume, may exactly define to what college he belongs, what game he is on his way to play, and even approximately to what extent he is successful in this sport, because the pitiable condition of the costume is in direct proportion to success in sport, and consequently in inverse proportion to success in study. Seeing a student returning from his game at about four o'clock in tattered costume, breathless from fatigue, unable to speak, sometimes with flowing blood or an arm in a bandage, every true Englishman will say, "Good fellow."

Football, he goes on, is the favourite game, and the most dangerous: 'the whole body of players is divided into two camps, and at each end gates are made of long poles. The aim of each party is so to throw a large leathern ball as to send it through their opponents' gate. . . . The large and heavy globe is thrown away and pushed away with arms and legs, and not rarely, with heroic self-sacrifice, with the head also. As soon as the ball is let go, after it rush all the players of the opposite party, a general

rough-and-tumble takes place, all shove together into a bunch, fall, wresting the ball from one another, and from this heap of living arms and legs, heads and bodies, by no means always do all emerge whole. At length someone struggles free, and with a strong stroke, propels the ball into the enemies' quarters. . . . So the game continues some hours. . . . Football undoubtedly requires great skill, presence of mind, and even bravery.'

After this follow remarks on the other clubs, frivolous, social, and serious, and above all on the 'union' of each university. In the last apparently common sense is more, and a flowery rhetoric less, cultivated than in corresponding institutions on the Continent. Then, to wind up this description of surface characteristics comes the question, 'How is it that this training, consisting of much sport, many religious observances, something of political debate, and a little learning, has given England Darwin, Macaulay, Byron, Gladstone, Newton, Palmerston, Grey, and hundreds of other sages and statesmen, whom not only their own land, but the whole world honours?'

On the more serious sides of English university life Mr. Bogdanovitch has both pleasant and unpleasant things to say. Of course, in the way of education, from a scientific point of view, Oxford and Cambridge offer nothing that will compare with the teaching given in most foreign universities. Besides this, it is a peculiarity of the English system that a man may take a high degree in one subject, say classical languages, and remain utterly ignorant of all other branches of knowledge, such as history, geography, literature, and science. On first contact with the English undergraduate the foreigner is likely to gain even an exaggerated impression of this ignorance. Apart from his lack of information with regard to most subjects about which educated men care to talk, the young Englishman is handicapped in conversation by his shyness and apparent fear of seeming enthusiastic or over interested in anything not bearing on cricket or rowing.

'In conversation with English undergraduates I have often made sure that with regard to Russia, for instance, this is all their knowledge: that to us belong Petersburg, Holy Moscow, and Siberia; and to my astonishment they have answered me that "details" were for the present unnecessary to them. At the same time I am convinced that if an Englishman, even at a ripe age, thought any knowledge necessary, he would immediately acquire and thoroughly assimilate it.'



It is one of the virtues of the English student that he is, as a rule, ready to be a learner all his life. He knows that the letters B.A. do not turn him into a ready-made scientific authority. In this he contrasts favourably with his fellow on the Continent, who is usually marked by a great deal of intellectual headiness, and an unbounded confidence in his powers of judgment on all matters. This is one of the many co-operating tendencies which bring it about that the student in England is solidly and practically conservative, while abroad he is so often a visionary and a revolutionary. To the same cause is due the fact that the atheist is as rare in the English university as the believer is abroad.

English has only the one word 'education' to express both training of the mind and training of character. It is because Oxford and Cambridge aim at being more than forcing-houses for the production of books that they are so successful in producing men. The two forms of training go inseparably together at the university, as they have already done at the school and at home. A wise and severe discipline, which yet encourages independence and self-respect, though there may be cases of early spoiling, 'yet is rewarded a hundredfold by that normal abundance of physical and moral energy which is the general feature of all this flower of youth.'

It is when looked on as a part of this general system that the worship of sport ceases to appear exaggerated and absurd. The athletics are all put down to the credit of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The Englishman has listened to the command to be a good animal. Mr. Herbert Spencer 'converted the English nation to his own faith, and now not one nation on earth behaves with such reverence to the body, cultivates it so untiringly, as the English. . . . In England, where land is so dear and the population so dense, throughout the whole country you will meet with spaces, big and little, set apart for cricket, football, &c. All this represents an immense capital, and has been done by patience and perseverance. This is the product of a whole revolution gradually coming to pass in the manners of the nation, which some fifty years ago, by the evidence of all observers, was a sluggish, coarse, bovine people, devoted in all ranks of society to gluttony and drunkenness.'

These two great institutions where 'we don't learn much, but we learn how to learn,' have then even in impartial foreign eyes great and peculiar qualities of their own. It is a pity that in



addition to moral and physical virtues they cannot impart what one would more or less expect of a university, a thirst for and an esteem of knowledge, but should leave so many of those who pass out of their walls satisfied on most subjects with odds and ends of the 'Petersburg, Holy Moscow, and Siberia' type.

N. W. CLAYTON.

## *The Fairy Pipers.*

WEARY is the way and I'm a weary man to-night:  
 Ah, the fairy pipers that awoke me long ago  
 When the mists began to shiver at the coming of the light,  
 And the wind was in the heather soft and low.

The gray hills flushed to purple and the east was like a rose,  
 They called me to the long road with piping shrill and clear;  
 Rest and rust and dull content the mortal never knows  
 Who may once the fairy pipers chance to hear.

Over hill and valley he must follow till he fall;  
 Jewelled gossamers at dawn that shine about his feet,  
 Love and wealth and honour, he must break and leave them all  
 When the fairy music calls him, shrill and sweet.

Shepherds on the quiet hills, fishers by the stream,  
 Light and life and laughter where the busy city hums,  
 Grow and dwindle round him faint as figures in a dream,  
 Still the music calls him and he comes.

Friends and comrades round me, I went forth upon my quest,  
 Never road too hard for us and ne'er a hill too high,  
 One by one they failed and fell, the fairest and the best,  
 And the grass is green above them where they lie.

Noon and weary afternoon and now the shadows fall  
 Longer down the valley, and alone I follow still  
 Where the fairy pipers moving through the dusk before me call,  
 And the first star shines above the hill.

Weary is the way and I'm a weary man to-night:  
 Ah, the fairy pipers that awoke me long ago,  
 Still they're calling as they called me when my heart and foot  
     were light  
 And the wind was in the heather soft and low.

DUNCAN J. ROBERTSON.

## Old-fashioned Accomplishments.

A 'WOMAN'S PAPER' of a few weeks ago contained a complaint that the modern girl, on leaving school, is not 'accomplished as were women of the upper classes in older generations,' and more than hints that hockey and other games are responsible for this unaccomplished condition. Perhaps it may be worth while to inquire a little into the real nature of the accomplishments thus regretted. The word at once recalls a conversation that occurs in *Pride and Prejudice*.

"It is amazing to me," said Bingley, "how young ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they all are. . . . They all paint tables, cover screens and net purses. I scarcely know anyone who cannot do all this." . . . "Your list of the common extent of accomplishments," said Darcy, "has too much truth. The word is applied to many a woman who deserves it no otherwise than by netting a purse or covering a screen."

The accomplishment of netting purses has unquestionably died out; and the home-covered screen has been for the most part superseded—not unhappily—by the painted or embroidered one. These, however, are not the only obsolete accomplishments once practised by English girls; and persons who look back so regretfully upon the ways of 'older generations' may perhaps be restored to cheerfulness by a little study of *The Girl's Own Book*, as that work appeared in early editions. The volume was originally compiled in America by Mrs. Child, the Abolitionist, and contains internal evidence of having been, for its time, 'advanced.' The edition before me is the eighth, published in London by Thomas Tegg—a piratical person, it is to be feared, who probably paid Mrs. Child nothing—in the year 1835. It contains, by way of frontispiece, a portrait of the Princess Victoria, wearing a very large hat and very small sandal shoes, and is 'embellished with 144 woodcuts.' The British Museum has nothing earlier than the thirteenth edition, with a new editress and many alterations.

This little square volume, the corners of whose pages are worn to roundness by the fingers of two generations, is divided into several sections, and, sad to say, the first of these is—*Games*! But let the lover of the past take courage; the games of 1835 are not the games of 1903. The leading feature of these past-times is the 'paying of forfeits,' and on page 95 directions for this process appear. 'It is extremely difficult,' remarks Mrs. Child, 'to find such forfeits as are neither dangerous nor unladylike.' Judging by the samples given it would appear even more difficult to find any which could conceivably afford amusement either to performer or to onlooker. As a mere intellectual exercise, hockey is infinitely superior.

After *Games*, comes a section devoted—the differentiation is suggestive—to *Active Exercises*, among which is included Cup-and-Ball. In this division Mrs. Child—a born reformer—exhibits views of a daring kind. Under the head of Bow-and-Arrow, she remarks: 'Of all things in the world, health is the most important. I fear our little girls do not take enough exercise in the open air.' She proceeds to give a series of exercises, with and without apparatus, and describes them as 'Calisthenic.' 'This hard name,' she explains, 'is given to a gentler sort of gymnastics suited to girls. The exercises have been very generally introduced into the schools of England. Many people think them dangerous because they confound them with the ruder and more daring gymnastics of boys; but such exercises are selected as are free from danger; and it is believed that they tend to produce vigorous muscles, graceful motion, and symmetry of form.' Several of the exercises are illustrated, and No. 13 actually shows a short-waisted and short-sleeved young lady swinging on a horizontal bar, her minute feet well off the ground.

The fourteen pages devoted to *Active Exercises* are succeeded by ten dealing with *Baskets*, and twenty-one dealing with *Ornaments*. Here, then, we come to the 'accomplishments' of the 'older generations,' the 'elegant' and 'ladylike' employments of those leisure hours which seem to have been so enviably numerous.

We begin with Moss baskets, made of cardboard, 'neatly lined' and covered with bunches of dried moss, sewn or glued on. Imitation moss, we are instructed, may be made of worsted, knitted, 'washed and dried by a gentle heat in order to keep it curled,' then unravelled and sewn on in bunches. Mrs. Child reports that she has seen baskets of this kind with coloured chalk

eggs lying in them. 'I thought them extremely pretty, but I should not have thought them so had they been *real* eggs stolen from a poor suffering bird.' Alum baskets appear to be merely baskets of wicker or wire rendered ornamental—and useless—by being first wound round with worsted and then suspended in a jar containing saturated solution of alum. The alum, which may be previously coloured, will form crystals all over the basket; and it is noted that 'a group of crystals of different colours form a very pretty ornament for a chimney-piece. They must be made by suspending some rugged substance, such as a peach-stone, a half-burned stick, &c., in the boiling solution.' Allspice baskets are to be composed of allspice berries, softened by soaking in brandy, and strung on slender wire 'twisted into such a form as you please.' 'A gold bead between every two berries gives a rich appearance.' One may venture to surmise that the soaking in brandy must also have given a rich and hardly refined perfume. Bead baskets are to be made in a similar manner. Rice or shell baskets again demand a cardboard foundation papered over. This is to be 'covered with grains of rice, bugles of different colours' (does the bugle, that elongated bead of our childhood, still exist?), 'or very small delicate shells, put on with gum and arranged in such figures as suit your fancy.' Of the Wafer basket the frame is once more made of cardboard 'bound neatly at the edges with gilt paper,' a material copiously employed in the decorative labours of 1835. Having prepared the framework, 'take the smallest wafers you can get,' make them, according to a prescribed method, into outstanding stars or rosettes, and 'when you have enough prepared, wet the bottoms and fasten them on the basket in such forms as you please. . . . The handle may be decorated in the same manner as the basket,' but 'if it is likely to be handled much,' Mrs. Child wisely advises that it should rather be ornamented with ribbon. This advice recalls the 'filigree basket' manufactured by Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond as a birthday present for her cousin Bell, and the uneasiness of the maker when her father 'rather roughly' took hold of the handle. 'Starting off the coach seat, she cried, "Oh, sir! father! sir! You will spoil it indeed," said she with increased vehemence, when, after drawing aside the veil of silver paper, she saw him grasp the myrtle-wreathed handle. "Indeed, sir, you will spoil the poor handle." "But what is the use of *the poor handle*," said her father, "if we are not to take hold of it? And pray," continued he, turning the basket round with his finger and thumb, in

rather a disrespectful manner, "pray is this the thing you have been about, all this week? I have seen you, all this week, dabbling with paste and rags; I could not conceive what you were about. Is this the thing?"

Miss Edgeworth, it is to be feared, would have read with little respect the directions for basket-making in *The Girl's Own Book*. These are not yet exhausted. There are enumerated baskets of melon-seeds, of feathers, of cloves—on the pattern of the allspice basket—of straw, of lavender and—most mysterious—of straw and 'millinet'; these last being admittedly 'fragile things intended rather for ornament than use.' Finally, there are Paper-ball baskets and Paper-rosette baskets. Both belong to the favourite type; the cardboard frame, covered with paper and bound to taste with a gilt edging, being used as a background for gummed-on decorations. These decorations consist, in the latter case, of rosettes produced by artful folding of narrow strips of paper, and in the former of 'little rolls of paper about as large as a quill and as long as your nail. . . . These little rolls are made to keep together by means of gum arabic. When of different coloured paper and neatly made they are rather pretty.' This description serves to elucidate a dark passage of Miss Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, where Miss Lucy Steele is engaged like Rosamond in making a 'filigree' basket, and Miss Elinor Dashwood helps her to 'roll her papers.'

The elaborate construction of the paper-rosette basket forms the climax and conclusion of the article *Baskets*; and we pass on to *Ornaments*, reflecting, perhaps, as we turn the leaf, that not one of these baskets would serve to carry anything, that none of them would bear thoroughly washing, and that most of them seem especially designed for the collection of dust.

Among ornaments the first place is given to Imitation China. The requisites are 'a prettily shaped tumbler of clear glass,' an engraving to be coloured 'as much like china as you can,' gold paper, and 'gold paper edging.' The engraving is fitted in to the tumbler, the necessary joins covered by a strip of gold paper, and a band of the same employed to cover the glass base of the tumbler, while gold paper binds together glass and paper at the top. A circle of white paper, nicked like a jam-pot cover, is pressed into the bottom, and 'when it is finished not one in a hundred could tell it from French china without close examination.' To this art also Miss Austen makes allusion; the Misses Bennet, waiting in their aunt's drawing-room for the gentlemen to



come in from the dinner-table, 'had nothing to do but to wish for an instrument and examine their own indifferent imitations of china on the mantel-piece.' Let it not, however, be hastily supposed that such chimney ornaments served no purpose. Mrs. Child points out that they form 'pretty receptacles' for 'alumets.' By the elegant name of 'alumets' Mrs. Child denotes those 'candle-lighters' or 'spills' which Miss Matty, of Cranford, piqued herself upon making 'of coloured paper so as to resemble feathers.' Mrs. Child, after candidly owning that 'these coloured papers are principally for show,' instructs us how to produce amazing effects. 'Two papers of different colours wound on the same stem, or gold paper and white paper wound together, are,' she observes, 'very beautiful.' Having sufficiently adorned the parlour mantel-piece with 'alumets' stuck into tumblers of imitation china, a young lady might turn her attention to making a straw cottage. She would run straws through a cardboard foundation, and through a roof of thick drawing-paper, and would gum flat straws upon this roof and its gable ends. Persons of enterprise might go so far as to construct 'little temples, summer-houses and pagodas after a similar fashion, with round or six-sided roofs, and an acorn or some little ornament gummed upon the top.' 'A cottage looks pretty with very, *very* little artificial flowers introduced among the straws to imitate woodbine.'

Passing by the manufacture of paper handscreens—in which gold paper once more plays an important part—we come to paper cuttings. Paper is to be cut into the honeycomb pattern which some of us are old enough to remember as adorning fire-grates in remote country lodgings. Mrs. Child is of opinion that 'strips of light green paper cut in this way and hung in festoons about mirrors, pictures, entry lamps, &c., look very pretty.' A variety of paper cutting produces candle ornaments—a kind of eight-petalled blossom with the candle as pistil. These may be dyed to 'the bright green usually sold' or to a 'fine yellow.' Lacework cuttings are also recommended; made of tissue paper they may serve as 'a very tasteful ornament for candlesticks,' and their beauty will be 'greatly increased by dipping into hot spermaceti.' 'Some people obtain glass dust from the glass-house and sprinkle it on while the spermaceti is warm. It looks very brilliant, but is apt to fall in a warm room.' Quitting the subject of cut paper, we enter a region of science. We engrave eggshells by sketching on them with melted tallow and leaving the eggshell to soak in very strong vinegar until the acid eats away the ungreased

surface; we make a lead-tree, a tin-tree or a silver-tree by suspending zinc wire in the appropriate solution and suffering branching crystals to form themselves upon it as on a stem. The destination of these objects is not expressly mentioned, but no doubt they would find a resting-place upon some mantel-shelf. Various branches of artistic decoration close the section. There is Poonah painting, in which colour is scrubbed on as dry as possible through the holes of a succession of paper stencil-plates; shadow landscapes, in which the light parts of a traced or copied picture are cut away and the paper then held up to the light; paper landscapes, in which the shadows are formed by varied thicknesses of stuck-on paper which exhibit gradations of shade when light shines through; and—horrible to relate—pomatum landscapes, in which a card is first spread with pomatum as a slice of bread with butter, then rubbed over with a coarse lead pencil, and finally has the light parts of the intended landscape scraped away with a knife or needle. Whether this appalling production was to be hung on a wall is not explained. This series of landscapes is succeeded by a series of boxes—boxes of white wood whereon the background of some outline drawing is painted black to look ‘like ebony inlaid with ivory’; scrap boxes, stuck over with bits ‘cut from engravings’ and afterwards highly varnished; boxes to the top of which engravings are transferred with inordinate pains and care, and an enormous expenditure of coats of varnish.

To the section *Ornaments* succeeds one even longer, dealing with puzzles, riddles, charades, &c., that would have delighted the heart of Harriet Smith; and after this we arrive at needlework. Here we feel how great is the change wrought by the sewing-machine. ‘Every little girl before she is twelve years old,’ we are told, ‘should know how to cut and make a shirt with perfect accuracy and neatness.’ In these days shirtmaking has passed entirely into the domain of commerce, and it may well be doubted whether the brother exists who would consent to wear a shirt manufactured at home by even the most accomplished of sisters. ‘At the infant schools in England,’ Mrs. Child assures us, ‘children of three and four years old make miniature shirts about big enough for a large doll. . . . I have seen a small fine linen shirt made with crimson silk by an English child of five years old, and it was truly beautiful.’ One cannot help wondering how much of the bad eyesight now being observed and cared for may perhaps be due to the work at three, four, and five years old, of our grand-

mothers, upon 'fine linen' shirts, with careful takings up of two threads and passings over of four threads.

Bags, reticules, purses, pin-cushions, and pen-wipers are next described in great variety, and sometimes in terms so mysterious that the natural curiosity of woman invites us to lay down the pen, seek needle, silk, ribbon, &c., and try, by experiment, to arrive at the meaning of these strange directions.

Articles follow about bees, silkworms, and gardening. These are chiefly remarkable for a singular absence of practical instructions. We are, indeed, told not to sprinkle the mulberry-leaves upon which our silkworms are to be fed; but the whole duty of the young lady gardener would seem to lie in gathering seeds when ripe and dry; 'doing up' these seeds 'in strong paper carefully folded that they may not be spilt,' and writing upon them 'neatly' the name, season, and height of the plant.

The volume concludes with a couple of fables, a set of verses, and two stories, which were greatly beloved, many years ago, by the present critic of *The Girl's Own Book*, but which its second editor saw fit to eliminate from all late editions.

Can any person seriously regret that girls have dropped the 'accomplishments' inculcated by this excellently intended little book? Does not the heart sink at the accumulation of trumpery with which industrious girls may, under its guidance, have encumbered the houses of their parents or of their newly married husbands? Think of the little gimcrack baskets, the imitation china and 'alumets,' the paper foliage hanging round candlesticks and shedding glass dust as the room grew warm, the engraved boxes, the mess of varnish and gold paper, the odious little 'landscapes' that aimed at producing effects in any conceivable way other than that of learning to draw! We live, it may be, in an age of deteriorating manners, of slang, of games unfemininely rough; but at least we have escaped living in the age of filigree baskets.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

## *The Justice of the Mountains.*

**A**LL day I had been riding round the ruins of Ephesus, and in the afternoon the rain fell heavily, so that I was glad to hurry back along the Via Sacra with its empty tombs to the shelter of the inn at Ayasoluk.

There Mr. Karpouza, the landlord, had prepared a capital dinner, and I found a good fire blazing up the chimney in the dining-room. And soon, as the dark February afternoon closed in, in thick cold mist, the lamp was lighted, and I sat down to do full justice to the fare.

Driven into the inn by stress of weather came a tobacco trader, who, with a low bow took a chair opposite to me and ate his soup in silence.

We began to talk about travelling other than by rail in such inclement weather. The trader was bound for Scala Nuova, which would have necessitated a long drive through almost impassable country. Then the conversation turned upon the latest news of Tchakegie, the brigand. Mr. Karpouza had agreed with us in our self-congratulations on being so well housed; but at the mention of Tchakegie he made frantic signs from behind my back to the trader to change the subject. At length he could keep silence no longer.

‘If you talk like this no more travellers will come this way.’

‘But,’ I said, ‘Tchakegie lives some distance from here.’

‘Only the name of his place is unfortunately the same as this. It is called Ayasoluk,’ said the trader.

Mr. Karpouza fairly groaned. ‘It means the place of St. John,’ he said apologetically, ‘but why the place of that ruffian should——’

‘He’s no ruffian!’ exclaimed the trader.

‘It is my misfortune,’ bewailed Mr. Karpouza, ‘that just the home of that brigand, of all people, should be of the same name as my own!’

'But no one would take you for a brigand, Mr. Karpouza,' I said, 'unless, of course, you are as like Tchakegie as the name of your place.'

'Oh Lord!' exclaimed the trader. '*Like Tchakegie*, oh Lord!'

'Did you ever know Tchakegie?' I asked.

'Yes, very well indeed, in former days. He is no ruffian, but a gentleman.'

'Now, Mr. Karpouza, you hear that!' I said, 'and you must let us talk about him with a view to his capture, you understand.'

'Yes,' cried the trader, 'that's just it. Whoever catches him will get a lot of money by it.'

'What would be the best way?' I asked.

'Well, you see,' said the trader, pushing away his pudding plate and lighting a cigarette, 'Tchakegie is not like any other brigand. He is a gentleman—the most perfect gentleman in all Asia. He will never harm a lady, nor a woman, nor a child. He will never harm a merchant either, though he may take from him a contribution—not too much, but something. He is good—oh, how good!—to the poor. But when it comes to cruel people and soldiers and their officers—ah! these are the ones he likes to catch; and the officials, yes—those too he will shoot. That is why the people have given him a name. He is "*The Justice of the Mountains*," for it is he that punishes.'

'But he cannot make much of a living at that rate,' I observed. 'Don't you think he would be better off keeping an inn, for instance?'

'But, certainly, he *is* rich—very, very rich,' answered the trader. 'He knows who the people are who have been cruel, and have taken other people's money. Those are the ones he looks after, and he takes their money away and gives it to the poor and to those who have not enough, and some he keeps for himself. Ah! yes; he is well called "*The Justice of the Mountains*.'"

'But how would you propose to catch him?' I asked.

'Well, he is the most frank and generous-hearted man alive, and if I went to his place and said, "Here, Tchakegie, I want your photograph," he would say, "My photograph! What for?" and I would say, "Oh, just to sell to the newspapers and make a little money, for, you see, I am only a poor fellow." Tchakegie would say, "All right; you shall have it." Well, when I had got that I could make a lot of money by that.'

'Quite so; and the price upon his head—this frank, generous-hearted friend of yours—you would get that, too.'

'Ah! that's it. You see, he would go anywhere to help a friend. That would be the way to catch him; but few people know what he looks like, and he is so different—so very different—from what people expect that they might talk to him for a long while without knowing who he is.'

'He has never caught you?' I asked.

'Me! never. He would never hurt me. I knew him well years ago, before he turned brigand.'

'What was he before he turned brigand?'

'Well, it was in this way. Many years ago now his father offended the officials—in the reign of the late Sultan that was—and in consequence he was obliged to take to the mountains and turn brigand. In these days perhaps he would have been exiled. A good many years passed, and the present Sultan came to the throne. Then an occasion offered, and he accepted the Sultan's pardon—that is, he surrendered and was given a billet somewhere in the army. A short time afterwards, an expedition started into the mountains and he was ordered to go too. He took with him his son Tchakegie, who was then quite a boy. Tchakegie was riding in the rear, and as they rode up the mountain the road turned like a serpent, as you know it does sometimes, and Tchakegie saw an officer level his gun and take aim at his father, who was in front, and shoot him dead through the back.

'That made a great impression upon Tchakegie, and the impression had time to deepen, for the officer who shot his father accused the boy before the authorities of a crime which he had not committed, and he was put in prison for six years. Six years makes a difference in the life of a boy, and when Tchakegie came out of prison he was a young man with a settled purpose. He went to find the officer who shot his father, and having found him he shot him dead, and then he fled to the mountains and turned brigand. Yes! what else could he do? He is not old now, only twenty-eight or thirty. But he is not like other brigands. His life has not made him bloodthirsty, and he is not greedy. Other brigands will sometimes take the ransom and then kill the people. Yes! and they do worse things to women and children, and they cut off people's fingers and toes and send them to the people's friends and relations. They do that out of spite. Tchakegie is not like that; you might almost think that he is sorry to be a brigand at all, though he is so rich and has so much power. For every governor in this country is afraid of him since he is "The Justice of the Mountains." They know what will



happen to them if they go too far in their ways and Tchakegie gets to hear about it.

'I will tell you a story about him. There are many like it, for he is very good to the poor. Once there were some poor people who worked very hard on their farm. They had a daughter—only that daughter—and she was a very pretty girl. Well, there was a brigand, and he wanted to have her. So he came with his men and took her away. Now, Tchakegie knew this old man, and as he chanced to ride that way, he stopped at the farm to rest himself; and he found the old man and his wife quite crazy. When he made out what it was that made them so crazy, he said, "Don't worry any more. You shall have your daughter to-morrow—all safe." So he rode away. The brigands meantime had got to their house and set down the girl, and she sat in a corner and was very frightened. While they sat round a table drinking mastic, all of a sudden Tchakegie came in. And they said to him, "Sit down," and he said, "I will not sit down. What is that girl doing there?" "Oh!" they said, "that is only a girl, never mind her—sit down." "I will not sit down," said Tchakegie, "while that girl is there. She must go to her own place." Then he blew his whistle, and before these brigands could move, Tchakegie's men were in the room. And Tchakegie shot the chief brigand dead himself, and some more of the others were shot too. That was to teach brigands not to do such things. Then he took the girl and brought her safely to her parents as he promised he would do. This he did to teach brigands not to do such things.

'You see now the thing which makes it difficult to catch Tchakegie. If we lost him, things would be very much worse. The peasants know that, and they like him much, much better than the officials. If we had not Tchakegie, it is difficult to know who would keep the officials in order. Then, if he meets a man who is poor and can't get along because he wants a little money loaned to him, Tchakegie gives him the money, and does not mind if he never gets paid. He helps them besides in many ways that the officials will not do. Just lately he has made a bridge and repaired a road, because every year many poor people were drowned there, and they could not get their produce to the market. Tchakegie paid a man 400*l.* to build a bridge. Since then Tchakegie has heard that the man cheated him and spent only 200*l.*, which may be because he does not understand those things. Now he is looking for that man to take 200*l.* off him.

‘But the cleverest thing he ever did happened the other day, and that is why you will see how busy they are now trying to catch him. Yes! The soldiers are being sent up from Smyrna, and one was so frightened that he had apoplexy and died before he started.

‘How can they catch him when he knows every turn in the mountains, and when many people would conceal him? Then he can shoot very well, and some of them cannot shoot at all. But this last thing he did exceeds all the rest. He went into a house in the middle of a town in broad daylight, and walked out again with seven or eight thousand pounds. It was the feast at the end of Ramâdan, and he went into the town dressed as an Imâm. He went to the house of a very rich man who was a miser, and the servants opened the door to him because he was dressed as an Imâm; for it is the custom that Imâms go to the houses of the rich—especially the very rich—to pray there in the morning of the feast, and they get paid for doing it. So the servants thought Tchakegie was the Imâm who had come to pray. The master of the house was out. He had gone to the mosque to say his prayers. So the Imâm—that was Tchakegie—went in to wait for him. When the man came back to his house Tchakegie opened the door to him and said, “Do you know me? I am Tchakegie. Give me now your money, or I’ll have your life,” and he drew out a revolver.

‘The man was terribly frightened. He had a great deal of money. Tchakegie opened the door to one of his own men, while Tchakegie himself went with the man to the safe to fetch the money. There was much gold and a great deal of silver. Tchakegie took for himself all the gold, about six thousand pounds. The silver he gave to the five men who were with him, who were admitted one by one. Then they went away. It was market-day in the town, and no one took special notice of the strange Imâm who walked through the market alone, and went out of the town into the country through the same gate with many of the country people who were returning home.

‘What happened to the man is the question. Perhaps he was too dazed to take action. Anyhow, when he did arrive at the Konak half an hour afterwards to give information, he was so incoherent, and the tale he told was so strange, that the officials did not know what to make of it.’

This was the tobacco trader’s story of Tchakegie, the renowned brigand—the modern Robin Hood—‘The Justice of the Mountains, in Asia Minor. Later on—it was as he foretold—a great stir was

made to catch Tchakegie, and I saw the troops who were sent up from Smyrna. The Vali also came himself. The soldiers went into the mountains and arrived at a house where Tchakegie or some of his men were said to be. A dispute arose as to what should be done, whether the house should be taken in the darkness by assault, or whether they should wait till daylight. The dispute dragged on till morning, and with the morning came Tchakegie. As soon as the news reached the soldiers there was a stampede. Some forty men were killed or wounded by Tchakegie himself, as in their hurry to escape they took the nearest path—a narrow mountain track—at the bottom of which he was waiting for them with his rifle.

The account of this defeat of the soldiers was given me in our logia, and the narrator wound up by remarking—

‘I wonder if the Vali can do anything! They say that Tchakegie carries a talisman with him which prevents his being shot.’

‘That is so,’ remarked Hadja, who sat on the floor before the brazier engaged in her favourite occupation of making coffee—‘that is so, for we know that if a bullet strikes his flesh it falls to the ground.’

Whether this be true or not the reader must decide for himself. At all events the greater part of the stories told me of Tchakegie were, I believe, substantially so, and no doubt he is in many respects a remarkable character. A better government would provide a career for such a man. Instead of living in his mountain stronghold breathing defiance and executing vengeance upon corrupt and venial officials, he might be fighting his country's battles, or helping to carry out some greatly needed scheme of roads or irrigation.

At all events his character and life as sketched to me suggested the fact that Turkey can produce men of mettle, with rude ideals of justice, by no means devoid of heroism.

FRANCES MACNAB.

## Canada in the Sixties.

### III.

#### A MONTH'S ENCAMPMENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

OUR guide, Achil Guelle, knew the district I had chosen for our month's encampment generally, but could give it no particular name. A few spots he designated with trapper's nomenclature; but the place was, and probably still is, a completely out-of-the-way wilderness, never visited by any being but Indians and hunters, and by comparatively few of them. According to Achil, however, it was a splendid spot for game; and so it proved. I suppose it to be situated about midway between Playgreen Lake and the Hill River, and some fifty miles from either; but the map I had was not sufficiently good to locate the spot with precision.

The night of our arrival I was much struck with the peculiar cry of some bird which I was told was the whip-poor-will, and which was answered by another at an apparently considerable distance. As I had never before heard the cries of these birds I could not judge for myself, but I had not the least doubt that the notes were those of a crepuscular hawk of some kind, though I had hitherto thought that the whip-poor-will was confined to the warmer parts of America. On this and subsequent nights I heard the birds calling and answering for hours, but several days elapsed before I saw one of them. At length I shot one, and from its skin I subsequently learned it to be the *Chordeiles virginianus* of Americans, *Caprimulgus virginianus* of the English. I believe this bird has never been found so far north before, and doubt has been cast on my having found it at the spot indicated. There is the skin, however; and the fact cannot be disproved, though both American and English naturalists have seemed to be sceptical about it. These were not, however,

naturalists of repute. The bird seems to be local hereabout, although Achil said he had seen and heard it hundreds of miles to the eastward. I heard it for the last time on the 27th of September, and as it was not seen after that date I presume that it had migrated south.

The bird called by the trappers the whisky-jack, first seen near Lake Témiscaming, was numerous here. Within the last few days I have identified this bird. It is the Canadian jay (*Corvus canadensis* of Linnæus); and Professor Newton thinks that the name 'whisky-jack' is the corruption of a Cree name. It is a most amusing and interesting bird, and very common in Canada.

The wild fruits about here were similar to those of Canada proper; that is, cranberries, raspberries, and blackberries. But for the first time I met with the wild plum. Those about here were of the 'blue' or purple kind; but there is also a 'white' sort. They were not ripe on our first arrival; and I cannot praise their flavour when at the best; but Canadians and Yankees alike think a great deal of them for making jams. The people of these countries preserve any sort of wild fruit, and are never tired of praising them, so that one would think this the first country in the world for wild fruits if he depended only on what he heard. Few parts of the northern half of the continent, however, are better provided with this class of productions than England. Americans have the sweet-tooth highly developed, and resemble children in their fondness for sweets.

On the very first day of my search in the woods for game I met with an exciting adventure, and one that raised me greatly in the esteem of my Indian friends. This was nothing less than the meeting with and killing my first bear—a huge creature of the black species, *Ursus americanus*. For the skin of this large beast I received fifty pounds in England; and it was acknowledged by all the trappers who saw it to be one of the finest they had ever examined, and to be in perfect condition. That I obtained it as easily as I did was an almost miraculous piece of good fortune, for I was armed only with a shot-gun.

I had been out looking for small game, and was some distance away from our camping-place in a piece of rocky ground, with a stream of water in front and a swamp on the right. I had not expected to meet with any large animal, as there were no tracks of deer in the neighbourhood, and bears never entered my thoughts; yet when returning I came quite suddenly on a very large black

bear, which was busy devouring blackberries, and also beetles : for I saw him turning over stones and detached pieces of rock in search of them, and eagerly scratching them out of crevices. He was not more than a hundred yards off when I first saw him ; and though I was walking rather carelessly at the time, he neither saw nor heard me. I came to a sudden halt, rather startled, I must own, for this was the first wild bear I had ever seen, and it at once occurred to me that I was very poorly armed for an encounter with such an animal. I had a twelve-gauge gun loaded with No. 4 shot, and a pair of heavy pistols without which I never moved ; but pistols were scarcely fit weapons to attack a bear with, though they carried balls averaging twenty-five to the pound weight.

The bear was slowly advancing towards me, and I was compelled to retreat, for the space between the brook and the swamp was so narrow that I could not risk an attempt to pass him. I tried to ford the brook, but not only did the water come above the waist before I reached the middle, but the bottom was a treacherous quicksand, and I had to get out of it hastily, after a narrow escape of sticking fast. The swamp was quite impassable.

The bear continually elevated his muzzle and sniffed the air, and I thought that he winded two or three ducks which I had recently killed. I therefore took them from my belt and threw them down, hoping to gain time ; and as I retired I drew the shot from my gun, and substituted two bullets in each barrel, with six drams of powder behind them. The bullets I fortunately made it a habit always to carry with me in case I should meet with deer.

I saw the bear stop to maul the ducks, and, congratulating myself on the ruse which had succeeded in delaying him, I hastened to get round the swamp. The bear must have caught sight of me, for suddenly he came after me with surprising nimbleness. I cannot say what my feelings were, but a sort of furious fear took possession of me, and stimulated me to strive to save my life. I fired full at the bear's chest when he was about twenty paces distant. He fell, but got up again, as I have noticed that animals often do when merely shot through the lungs, and I saw that blood was dripping from his mouth. I suppose I realised, on the spur of the moment, that nothing but coolness could make my last poor chance a winning one. I know that fear (I may as well confess it) made my aim a desperately sure one. The head of the bear was not six feet from the muzzle of the gun



when I fired the second barrel, and it killed him instantly. In fact, the head was shattered, and part of the brain blown out. What a sigh of relief I gave! I think I realised the feeling of a bird when it escapes the trap; of a fly when it breaks from the web just in the nick of time to escape the rushing spider.

I hope I shall be excused for giving such a minute account of this combat. It was my first serious adventure with a formidable animal, and I was boyishly proud of my success, and of the astonished praise of my companions.

The bear was so heavy that I could not turn it over or drag its leg from under it, and the skinning of it was work for the whole party. The length from the snout to the root of the tail was six feet seven inches; the weight of the animal could not have been less than from 800 to 900 lbs. The skin was perfect. My companions admitted that they had never seen a finer, and it was glossy black throughout—a rare occurrence.

I will not here add greatly to the remarks I have made about American bears in a former work, and what I now say refers only to Canadian examples. The average length of the black bear in this country (Canada and the North-West) is only a few inches more than five feet, and the weight from 600 to 650 lbs. In particular localities they grow larger; in others, without being much smaller, they are considerably lighter. They also vary in weight with the season, being lightest after the hibernation and heaviest just before it. They vary much in colour, being sometimes black and sometimes light brown, with many intermediate shades. Locality has sometimes something to do with colour. Some hunters and naturalists say that the brown is a distinct species. I do not share that opinion. It is certain that the pelts are classified as black and brown by the Hudson Company's people. I have heard that the black bear is no longer found in any part of Canada or the North-West. I do not know, as it is more than twenty years since I was in the country. At the time of which I am writing they were not abundant anywhere, and in large areas could not be found at all. In a word, they were already beginning to show signs of a speedy extermination.

The black bears are omnivorous, and will eat anything from a beetle to a deer, from a blackberry to a cabbage. They certainly kill cariboo, breaking the neck with a blow of the paw. Whether they ever attack the larger deer I do not know, but I can perceive no reason why they should not. They are enormously strong, and can walk off with a cariboo as easily as a cat with a mouse,

Notwithstanding my first experience, I subsequently convinced myself that they seldom attack men; but they do so on rare occasions, and it seems to be more from caprice than for any other reason. They are uncertain-tempered animals. Those captured young, and brought up by the colonists or hunters, become as attached as dogs to their masters. In their native haunts they are very active animals, and no person who had watched them in the wilds would speak of a bear as a 'clumsy' animal.

In the district where we were camping the bears were unusually fine. Several were seen during our stay, and two more were killed. One, measuring five feet eight inches, was killed by the whole party of us combined, receiving no fewer than fourteen bullets, to the no small detriment of the pelt. The other, just over six feet in length, was killed with a single bullet in the head by Achil, single-handed. This last was whitish about the muzzle, and had some brownish patches about it. All were males; the females are quite a third smaller than their lords.

There were wolves here, and gluttons—the first time I had seen the latter animal; and I thought that it might be owing to the abundance of these animals that the deer had forsaken the neighbourhood. We were soon at work with the traps, and captured several wolves and a fox or two, but no glutton was ever captured, though several were shot. They seemed even more cunning and suspicious than the wolves, and even the latter appeared soon to acquire a suspicion of the fate of their companions; for after the first week or two none ventured near the traps, skilfully as we concealed them under moss and leaves, or with a light layer of sand over them.

Of the gluttons I shot two myself by lying in wait at night, for these animals rarely show themselves during daylight. They are among the fiercest and cruellest of the smaller beasts of prey, and are so wily that when once they have discovered that hunters are established in a tract they will forsake it. It is useless to try to shoot them otherwise than by lying in concealment at places they are supposed to frequent. They cannot be ferreted out of the caverns and holes which they usually occupy, for they will kill dogs, and their dens are always so well selected that they cannot be dug out. Their habits are just those of bears, but superficially they strongly resemble hyenas. They are only met with singly, or in pairs, or a dam with her cubs. The latter are two or three in number. Like bears, they are almost omnivorous

and are in the habit of burying their prey; but they do not eat fruit that I am aware of. If they come across the hidden store of a hunter, or sneak into his hut during his absence, they will devour all sorts of provisions—biscuits, grease of all kinds, cheese, meat, and fish. They sometimes catch the last-named for themselves. They are about as big as a medium-sized dog—that is, they average thirty inches in length from the snout to the root of the tail, the latter being a foot long, and bushy; and the hair is very long on the bottom of the back and on the under parts, so that the legs are half hidden.

They are very active animals, but capture their prey as much by artifice as speed, and they lie in wait near the holes of such creatures as ermines, martens, musquashes, and minks, which form a large share of their prey. They also surprise hares, and rob foxes of their captured prey. The fox surprises many birds of the grouse and duck families, but I do not know that the glutton does so. If the fox should happen to defend its prey—which I have known it to do when several are together—it is ten to one that the fox itself is killed and devoured by the glutton; and I have known a case where a glutton dug down to the buried prey of a bear, and another instance of a sheep having been destroyed and partially eaten; but no case of deer being pulled down by gluttons ever came under my notice. It is an exceedingly greedy animal, but does not deserve the name of glutton more than some other preying animals. It is not correct to describe it as gorging itself to the point of helplessness, or to say that it is slow in its movements. Though it is very bear-like in many of its habits, unlike that animal it does not hibernate.

The trappers and colonists in Canada call it the quickhatch. In the States, and among naturalists, it is termed the wolverine—*Gulo luscus*. It is a very local and scarce animal in the States, where I have only seen or heard of it on one or two occasions. Like most or all other animals of the family to which it belongs, it often leaves a strong and offensive smell behind it.

As nearly all the typical small mammals of the Canadian region were found in this district, this is, perhaps, a good place in which to mention them.

First, the mink. The skin of this animal forms an important article of trade of the Hudson Company, and many thousands of them are annually bartered by the Indians and trappers. They are always caught in traps, as shot would injure so small and fine a pelt. The animal is about the size of a wild rabbit, but of much

slimmer build ; in fact, it is more like a small otter than any other animal with which I can compare it, and its habits are those of an otter. It swims and dives with great facility, and captures fish, on which it preys. It also devours reptiles and small aquatic birds, which it surprises while they are swimming or standing in the shallow water. During our stay here my companions caught more than a hundred, besides which I shot a number. As I generally succeeded in hitting them on the head with small shot, I did not find that the skins were at all injured. But the trappers will have it otherwise, and never shoot them.

They are caught in two ways : first, in steel traps ; secondly, by means of a poised log of wood, which, falling on the mink, kills or disables it. These little creatures are as tenacious of life as an eel. They smell abominably ; and the carcasses must be skinned with care, otherwise the bundle of pelts can scarcely be endured while under transport, and the sweetening process is a long and troublesome one.

From the numbers mentioned above it will be perceived that the mink was tolerably abundant hereabout ; but the ermine was by far the most numerous of all the small mammals that we found here. In this animal, which is very much smaller than the mink, having the body some ten to twelve inches long, the fur changes colour at the approach of winter, becoming snow-white, with the exception of the end of the tail. But most persons know the fur of the ermine. We obtained several hundred skins, nearly all of which I afterwards brought to England ; for the Hudson Company were, at this time, scarcely giving thanks for them, and many trappers only captured them accidentally in traps set for other small animals.

As to the other members of the genus *Mustela* in this neighbourhood, I am uncertain whether my remarks will have a general interest, as I am almost sure to be told they have not for the professional naturalist. My view is that they are simply local varieties of animals common to all countries within certain parallels of the southern hemisphere. Take the common American marten (*Mustela americana*), for instance : in what does it differ from the European marten ? or the Asiatic sable ? In nothing, in my opinion, of sufficient importance to constitute it a distinct species ; or nothing that would be considered a remarkable difference in any species of domestic animal if found occurring in even the same country. I doubt if even an experienced naturalist could always tell which was the European, which

was the American marten ; for here, at least, a certain amount of variation occurs in species, though I admit it is not great.

What occasions this variation I cannot say. At first I thought that a seasonal change of fur was going to take place, but that I soon found was not the case. Then it occurred to me that the erratic individuals might be cross-bred. That I think to be very unlikely, but it is possible that cross-breeding sometimes occurs. It is a strange fact that all these small carnivorous mammals, agreeing, with but little difference at all events, in their habits, should retain their ordinary colour of fur at all seasons of the year with one exception—that of the ermine ; and further, that none of them hibernate. With regard to the latter fact, as far as my experience goes, no species of marten, polecat, or weasel ever does hibernate, not even in the polar regions.

With the exception of the mink, all these weasels, as I will collectively call them for the sake of avoiding confusion, appeared to me to spend part of their time aloft in the trees. They certainly take readily to trees in moments of danger ; and all alike are fierce and capable of attacking and overcoming animals vastly their superior in size ; for instance, they destroy numbers of the large American hare, which is nearly twenty times the weight of the smallest of these weasels.

Besides those I have already referred to, I shall mention but one more—the tree-fox, or tree-cat, of the trappers. This is *Mustela Pennanti*, often called the fish-marten. It is an animal about the size of a small fox, of a dark brown colour, with a lighter shade down the back ; very active in its habits, but spending much of its time on the ground in damp, swampy situations. Unlike the mink, it does not seem to frequent running water, but prowls about stagnant pools and small shallow lakes, preying on reptiles, fresh-water molluscs and crustaceans, and small fish, which it beats out of the water with its fore-paws in the manner of a cat. It also robs other animals of fish which they have captured, and I have seen one eating the refuse which had been ejected from the nest of an osprey. All kinds of small animals are devoured by it, even other mustelæ ; but this is only after a fight : otherwise preying animals do not devour each other. I have seen a marten kill an ermine, and have reason to think that when these little animals fight together—which they sometimes do, for they are all fierce and bloodthirsty—the conqueror preys on the vanquished. I have also seen the tree-fox and the common otter (*Lutra canadensis*) fight together, the object of the



fox being to obtain the fish captured by the otter. In this case the fight was not fatal to either combatant; for the otter, after a time, returned to the water, taking its fish with it.

It is probable that these fights would be much more frequently witnessed if persons taking an interest in natural history would watch for them, being careful to keep themselves concealed. My own plan was to make a screen of leafy branches, completely covering myself with leaves; and having selected a spot which I knew to be frequented by the animal I wanted to watch, I have waited for six or eight hours to make my observations. It is necessary to remain perfectly quiet, not to smoke, and to take care that the wind is blowing *from* the direction in which you expect the animal to appear.

The otter mentioned above does not differ much from the species found in England. It is a little larger, of a dark brown colour, and has the same habits as those of Europe. It is scarce here, only a few odd ones being seen; but its pelt is valuable, fetching from two to five pounds in England, while that of the tree-fox is scarcely worth a charge of powder.

Long before the end of September we had collected so many pelts, great and small, that my Indian companions became quite excited at our success. They also became impatient to return home; and as I had made up my mind to winter in the wilderness, three of my four Indians resolved to leave me, and forthwith set about making a canoe, a work which is never onerous to an Indian. In three or four days they had completed it, and on September 18, Chuckochilgegan (Sam) and the two younger men, Natanyan and Otmasquilton, left me in the usual phlegmatic Indian fashion. I had expected that Sam's brother, Monchua-piganon—Tom as I called him—would have gone too; but he did not. Taciturn as he always was, he made no remark, and took no leave of his brother. He scarcely noticed his departure; but what seems cold-hearted and strange behaviour to us may not really have been so. It is the Indian way; and demonstrativeness is always offensive to an Indian. I have much reason to think that Tom remained behind owing to his attachment to me. I have, all through my career, been very fortunate in this respect with my followers, and have generally had at least one member of my party strongly attached to me. Whatever the reason of Tom's faithfulness, it was not solicitation on my part; and an Indian must not be questioned as to feelings and motives.

It may be of interest to detail our daily life. We did not



usually rise before dawn of day. A roaring fire of logs was always kept in at night in front of our huts, which was fed with fuel by whoever chanced to wake, and as early as the beginning of September this was a great comfort, if not an actual necessary; for the nights were frequently bitterly cold, though the days were quite hot. We had plenty of pelts in addition to our blankets, so we really did not suffer from the cold; and a bed of spruce boughs spread on the ground is one of the most comfortable that can be conceived.

Whoever was first on his pins in the morning put a large iron pot of water on the fire to heat for breakfast. This meal always consisted largely of game: for we were so short of flour that dough cakes baked in the ashes had to be sparingly used. The Indians, indeed, ate scarcely any bread. Tea or cocoa was made in tin cans, and was drunk without sugar as soon as our limited supply of that article was exhausted. The fat of the bears killed served us in lieu of butter, and was, indeed, even to my taste, superior to it; while the meat was excellent, and some of it, dried in the wind, lasted us for a long time. Bears' meat is, in America, far superior to the venison of either wipiti or moose. Of small game, principally hares, grouse, and ducks, we could daily kill as much as we wanted, so that there was no lack in the quantity of our food, though I certainly for a long time greatly missed the bread and vegetables to which I had been used. There were plenty of wild fruits at this season, and these were useful to counteract the effects of the excessive quantity of animal food which we consumed. So our health did not suffer at all; indeed, we were all in the very pink of condition.

As soon as our morning meal was over we started to visit the traps, leaving one of our number to keep the foxes, &c., from intruding, and to cook the meat for dinner. Sometimes we went singly on this duty, but kept in parties when we discovered by their tracks that bears were to be found in the district. After the departure of Chuckochilgegan ('Cunning Polecat, or Marten') and his companions, Tom and I invariably went into the woods in company, leaving Achil to cook, for at that business he was an adept. Sometimes it took us many hours to visit the traps; but if few animals were caught, and the victims had not to be killed and skinned, we soon got through with this work, and I spent the remainder of the day in either shooting or watching the habits of the animals in the forest. We ate but two 'square' meals per day, but the quantity of meat consumed at these two

meals would have astounded an easy-working, idle cit. I usually ate a few mouthfuls of food while wandering in the woods; but ultimately I got into the habit of being satisfied with two full meals per day. We all, however, would eat any of the wild fruits that we might meet with when wandering about, and I dare say the quantity thus consumed was considerable.

Of course we all got back to our camp before the darkness of night set in; and the evening meal was the principal one of the day. By the blazing light of the fire we followed our occupations, or lay idly about and smoked. On this journey, owing to the need of travelling as lightly as possible, I had but two books with me—the Bible and my note-book. I jotted down my notes for the day by firelight, and then read such portions of the Bible as I thought would be most impressive to the Indians. We prayed to God, and then retired to rest, seldom later than seven or eight o'clock. Such was our daily life.

On subsequent occasions during my long sojourn in the Americas I always carried as many books as I could find room for. I cannot be happy without books, and I always found the rudest followers of my party interested greatly in the nightly read, provided only that I took care to select a book that treated of a subject which they could understand. Masterpieces of fiction were always favourites. On this particular occasion I suffered so much in mind (the only discomfort I noticed) for want of books that I determined never again to subject myself to the deprivation. Afterwards I carried with me from one to several dozens of the paper-covered *sixpenny* editions of popular works, such as are published by several of the leading London firms. These are so easily packed, and take up so little room, that I found them invaluable.

May I say a word or two concerning religion? I never permitted, in my company, the Supreme Being to be ignored, and, what is more, I never had in my parties a man who showed a desire to ignore Him. Often I was compelled to engage men of great ignorance and doubtful character; but such men properly handled make good followers in such expeditions as mine. It is necessary for the leader of a party in the wilderness to be a man whom his followers admit and feel to be markedly their superior in some way or other; otherwise they will soon learn to despise him, and perhaps to ignore him. Now, a man who knows everything, or thinks himself equal to any occasion, always makes a bad follower, and an even worse leader. But, neverthe-

less, the leader must be a man of superior knowledge to his men, and yet have the art to let his men *find out for themselves* that he is a capable leader. Anything like pride or bounce, and, above all, selfishness, which is injustice, is sure to have a bad influence on followers. And I have never found a better way of establishing my position with my men than by letting them see that I feared God. I beg that I may not be misunderstood. I am no advocate for religious argument or for camp-preaching, though I despise not those who think they are doing good in this way. But the state of mind into which I usually led my followers may be the best illustration of the value of my system, if I may say so without incurring the charge of self-conceit. Achil Guelle, and many years afterwards George and Joseph in Brazil, besides several other rough men with whom I associated in my journeyings, fell heartily into my views on this subject, and resumed those devotions which they had neglected since childhood. The Indians were often indifferent, yet gradually came to acquiesce in the propriety of daily acknowledging the Almighty; while even so morose and undemonstrative an individual as Tom exclaimed that 'it was right that the Great Spirit should be thanked.' I mention these matters as incidents of life in the wilderness that may have some interest.

Having made up my mind to spend the coming winter in the wilds, we, at the end of September, made a move, and journeyed nearly a hundred miles in a north-easterly direction. The principal reason for this change of camp was that we never met with any deer at the place first selected, and venison was required for our support. The journey to the new camp took us five days to accomplish, the first three of which we walked overland, carrying the canoe with the stores in it on our shoulders. It is probable that we did not advance more than twenty miles in those three days, for the ground was rough and rocky, without being very hilly. At the end of the third day we came to a stream large enough to float the canoe, and down this we proceeded in the direction of Hudson Bay. Our new position was about two hundred miles north-east of Lake Winnipeg, on a tributary of the river Severn, and some twenty miles from that river. I did not follow the tributary right down to the Severn, because it seemed to me that we had reached a spot that was in every way fit for our purpose. Achil agreeing with me, we commenced at once to make a small low-pitched log hut, similar to those used by the lumberers. The hut was erected in front of a small cave which

served us as an inner chamber and storehouse, and added greatly to the warmth and comfort of our dwelling. Outside the hut was overhung by trees growing on the tops of the rocks; for we were in the bed of the stream, about twelve feet above the water, and it was impossible to conceive of a snugger or more picturesque site. The cave was large enough to contain the canoe, besides our beds and all our belongings; and in winter, when the outside of the hut was completely covered with snow, the place was so warm that we might have resided in it without a fire had it been necessary. But we had taken the precaution to make a substantial fireplace and chimney of stone within the hut, and every available space was packed with logs for firing, with several stacks close at hand to be brought in as occasion required. All this work was completed by October 12, down to which time we had had no severe weather, though there were sharp frosts at night, and one day a few flakes of snow fell which soon melted when the sun shone.

In our journey hither from our first camp we did not meet with a living soul, either Indian or trapper, but we found a dead Indian in a tree. He had been dead so long that the flesh had shrunk and hardened in a curious way, giving the corpse a mummy-like appearance. The features were quite gone, but there is no doubt that the body was that of an Indian. He was firmly lashed to the boughs of a tree about sixteen feet from the ground, and we surmised that he had been so placed by his companions to prevent beasts of prey from devouring him. He had probably met his death from accident while on a trapping expedition, or he would not have been disposed of in this manner. There may have been several reasons why he was not buried. The ground was so hard and rocky that the making of a grave would have been a work of much time, and altogether impossible if the party had no proper tools with them, and they were probably in a hurry. Moreover, many of the Indian tribes dispose of their dead on platforms erected above the ground, at spots set apart for that purpose, and held sacred.

PAUL FOUNTAIN.

## *On a Cuban Ingenio.*

**I**F, in this world, there is a place especially calculated to convince the gloomiest pessimist that life, in the case of a white man at any rate, is worth living, that place, surely, is a Cuban sugar plantation during the winter season. On one of these beautiful estates the

. . . . Strife

Of waves that beat at the tired lips of life

does, indeed, seem to be hushed. So utterly far removed is the insouciant Antillano existence from all contemporary storm and stress, to the stranger it appears a succession of scenes conjured out of an Eastern idyll, or into which he has been transported by the Flying Carpet of Prince Hassan. The very house, the casa, even if modern, is, on one of the greater ingenios such as those of the Matanzas and Cienfuegos districts, like no house elsewhere. Covering an extensive piece of ground, it is a quadrangular structure of stone, built after the Moorish design almost universal in New as well as Old Spain, enclosing a tiled or marble-paved patio, or, in some instances, a luxuriant tropical garden. The patio is encircled by a pillared colonnade, known as the 'gallery,' usually richly curtained, and off which open all the corridors, as well as the staircases if the casa is of more than one storey, which is generally the case on the north side of the island, it being less subject to hurricanes than the southern coast. Siesta time and the evenings are, for the most part, passed by the family and guests in the gallery, where rocking-chairs abound and there are many small tables. When this colonnade and the patio are lighted by rose-shaded hanging lamps of beaten brass or silver, it is difficult to reconcile the picture with the possible actualities of life going on beyond that charmed court, cooled by the trickling fountain, and perfumed with pomegranate, lime, and orange, with jasmine or heliotrope.

On the hotter nights it is good to sit on the flat roof, called by



Cubans the 'terrace,' amid the aroma of Partagas and Larranaga. Beyond the avenues of royal palms below, the cane-fields billow themselves, under the great gold stars of the south, to the sierra, whose far-away heights—brown, grey, madder—deepen into the misty purple which mixes with the sky. Over the landscape there is a repose that suggests a painted scene. From no bohio comes a curl of smoke. A guajiro (the Cuban peasant) may silhouette his form against the background as he tends his pineapple patch, or the watchman, at one of the sluice-gates which regulate the irrigation canals, cross the far end of a long tunnel-like cutting in the cane-brake. Only the flap of the wings of a condor in quest of the carrion he has scented, or a bar of a cancion chorussed by a band of muleteros winding down a path on one of the nearer peaks, brings the reality of sound into the composition—unless it be in the Baracoa district, where the roar of the great Moa cascade is heard for miles around; or in the neighbourhood of the towering Pico del Potrerillo, down whose slopes the Ay and the Agabama rush noisily to Casilda, the port of Trinidad.

But even on a Cuban ingenio it is not always 'afternoon.' About half-past five or six in the morning there is brought to you your dainty little *jicara* or *demi-tasse* of chocolate or coffee and milk.

While you dress and drink the horses are being saddled, and perhaps the *quitrin*—which is a sort of landau with a linen or silken awning after the fashion of the carriages seen in the Prado and the Puerto del Sol—has been ordered for those of the ladies who want a swim. On most of the plantations on the sea-board there are private baths similar to those of the Campos Eliseos at the end of the Paseo Ysabel in Habana. These are roofed-in basins, from twelve to eighteen feet square, hollowed out of the coral rock, the water being kept in them at an average depth of about five feet by narrow openings which allow of the flow in and out of the sea, and are small enough to 'gate' the sharks that swarm outside the reefs. An invigorating plunge, so exquisitely delicious in an enervating climate, can be had almost daily from November to March, unless there should happen to be a 'norther.' From your dressing-box you look out upon the lazuli of the Caribbean—so different from the grey-green waters of the Old World that you

Can but wonder if Mother Earth  
Has given a younger ocean birth.



Cactus walls with fire the chaparral that fringes the sand, and from which trail the tendrils of the shore-grape, purple trumpet-creepers and clusters of frangipani. Pelicans feed, and cardinal birds fly and sing. The barranca is crusted with red-lipped conch shells, the lagoon edged with curiously shaped sponges and fantastic sea creatures and weeds. A few minutes later the huge silver spurs are once more jingling merrily; the bathers are again on the road, bound for an inspection of the cane-field.

The raisin gleaning and drying in Fresno County, in the San Joaquin valley of California, offers a charming aspect of the *vendange*. The pomegranate and fig harvests along the Rio Pecos, in New Mexico, open a new world of delight to the artist who chances on them. A wonderful sight is the town of Grand Junction, in Colorado, when ten thousand people gather every September to keep the feast of Peach Day. But even among the rich *herbst-bilder* of the West a Cuban cane-field in the cutting season presents a unique scheme of colour and grouping. There are the three, four, or five hundred (or more) *gente* or 'hands'—according to the size of the ingenio, which may be from five hundred to ten thousand acres; the mayorals, or overseers, on horseback, their heads protected from the sun by their sweeping sombreros of yarey (a species of palm); the field, carpeted in the foreground with cut cane; the long lines of slowly moving bullock-carts, with their drivers in shirts of many colours; while the sea of standing cane is stirred for miles and miles by the gentle morning breeze into waves of golden green.

Shortly after the New Year has been entered upon the mill has been put into complete running order, and the *gente* (each gang of negroes under the direction of a contra-mayoral, or assistant overseer) spend the long day, from early morning till eleven, when the rations are served, and from early afternoon till late evening, in the field—every black man, woman, and child armed with the machete, which much resembles a butcher's cleaver. There is a method of cutting the cane, long practice in which renders the gang marvellously deft at the process. Beginning with a bold cut at the top, striking off the long leaves and the part of the cane on which they grow, which are sent down to the potrero to be used as food for the cattle, a second cut is next struck as near the root as possible, since the lower joints contain the richest juice, when the cane falls to the ground, to be picked up by the procession of gatherers following the cutters, and by them piled on the double train of huge bullock-waggon—one

team for the cane, the other for the tops. In endless caravan the cane-laden waggons lumber to the tram stations, the more important ingenios being intersected by many miles of tramway lines, over which the cane is conveyed to the sheds behind the crushers, till the pile has grown so immense that the mill has to run night and day to overtake it. The field-hands rarely work at night; but the feeders, most of whom are coolies, each relay resting by turns, are hard at it through the stifling small hours. Just as the supply of cut cane is getting low, the morning work in the field recommences.

The revenue of a Cuban sugar-estate largely depends on the species of cane grown. That there should be lime in the soil is of vital importance, while over-much saline matter is considered noxious. Irrigation, too, plays an important part in the successful cultivation of the cane. The principal sugar-growing portions of the Pearl of the Antilles are the region lying between Cienfuegos and Trinidad on the south; that between Matanzas on the north as far eastward and inland as Sagua la Grande and Villa Clara; and the western division of Cuba. The criolla, or native cane, the oldest known and said to have been introduced from the Canaries, is thin and poor. The Otaheite species is larger, thicker, and gives a much better yield. The Cristallina, the last introduced, is considered the best—a cartful of it yielding a pan and a half of dry sugar, about sixty pounds. On two or three of the finest ingenios in the island, highly capitalised by American syndicates and equipped with the most up-to-date machinery, the production before the war averaged twenty thousand boxes of sugar and five thousand hogsheads of molasses, not to mention a large yield of rum.

The planting has been done in the intervals of the rainy season, which lasts from June until October or November. Furrows or shallow trenches—on the smaller estates dug in the soaked soil by the negroes, on the larger ingenios cut by a steam plough—have been made, in which cuttings, consisting of the stripped tops of the cane with at least two or three of the upper joints, have been planted. It is essential that there should be sufficient space between the trenches to admit of the plants being properly tended and kept clear of weeds, which labour is done by coolies. As the sprouts have grown, the soil embanking each trench has been filled in month by month, until, when the plantation owners come from town—bringing with them gay Christmas parties, to spend, as is the custom, the Natividad on

the ingenios—the fierce sunshine has so saturated the plants that the cane has become heavy with glutinous sweetness.

Towards and after eight in the morning the heat beating on the unsheltered cane-fields grows intense, and the visitor is glad to take refuge in the mill and learn from the *maquiniste*, or engineer, something concerning the machinery. The engineer is always a white man, generally an American—often a Philadelphian—but now and then an Englishman or Scotsman or a German. He may have two or three men under him; is provided with comfortable quarters close to the mill; and is, next to the administrator—also always a white man—the most important employé on the ingenio. He is handsomely paid, too, for the grinding season, from December to June, and usually either finds remunerative employment or has ‘a good time’ in the States for the remainder of the year. His courtesy enables a stranger to carry away an intelligent idea of the working of a sugar-mill. He will take the visitor first through the engine-house, which is simply an immense brick-paved shed, open on all sides, its different divisions connected by stone or iron stairways, and having a corrugated iron roof supported by pillars. The machinery shines like the fittings of a yacht. From the sheds at the end of the mill the newly cut cane is thrown over the conductors to the *maquinas de moler*, or crushers, which consist of three immense solid iron rollers, one above and two below, whence the juice passes in a ceaseless stream into the huge troughs beneath, while the refuse cane passes into other troughs, out of which it is piled on waggons and carted as fuel—it being the only steam generator used—along the broad earthen embankment flanking one entire side of the engine-house, and underneath which are ranged, in yawning cavities, the great glaring furnaces.

The juice as it comes from the crushers is called ‘guarapo.’ It is thick and sweet, with particles of cane in it, a dull olive in colour, and so fermentable that it has to be clarified at once, which is done by straining it through giant copper colanders into Brobdingnagian cauldrons, where the process of clarifying is assisted by five ounces of lime to the five hundred gallons of boiling liquid which each cauldron holds. When the juice has settled, it is filtered through vats about three parts full of bone-black. Since the plantation potrero could not supply a hundredth part of the bone-black required, this indispensable adjunct to sugar-making is procured chiefly from the potreros, or stock-farmers, in the Guantanamo and Manzanilla districts. In the quantity and quality of the bone-black used lies one of the secrets

of good sugar. The supply in the vats is changed every six or eight hours on the best ingenios, with the quality of whose output the smaller estates, compelled to economise in this material, cannot hope to compete. Connected with the vats are, again, a succession of copper troughs—for molasses, for cane juice, for syrups—from which rows of pipes lead to tanks whence the liquors are conveyed to the vacuum pans.

The vacuum-house is, to most people, the most picturesque section of the mill. Because of the furious heat the labour employed in the engine-house has been negro; here it is coolie-Chinese for the most part. The scene is a study in ochre—the yellow skins of the workers; the bronze of the pans; the dingy yellow steam from the pipes; the yellow-bloused, pig-tailed phantoms bending over the little glass windows in the tops of the pans through which the boiling liquid can be watched, or, proof-stick in hand, testing the sugar by touch. After repeated skimming and filtration, the juice is ready for the strike-pans, whence it is discharged by valves into the strike-heaters—double-lined cauldrons supplied with steam enough to keep the sugar hot until crystallisation is reached. Thereafter the whole product goes to the purging-house.

The purging-house is a very large structure, very long, and of two storeys in height. The floor of the upper storey consists of metal frames of great strength, into which fit the sheet-iron cylinders called *hormas*, through which the molasses drain into troughs constructed on the ground floor. On the larger ingenios there are often from twenty-five to thirty thousand of these *hormas*. One side of the house is of necessity open, on account of the rails laid from it to the packing-house, along which run the trucks which carry away the molasses in *bocoyes*—hogsheads holding from ten to fifteen hundred gallons. The process of purification of the sugar, by means of moist clay, is then proceeded with, that on the top and nearest the clay being the *blanco*; below that, the *quebrado*, or broken; and at the bottom, the moist, dark-coloured sugar called *cucurucho*. Mascobado, a natural brown sugar, is that which is allowed to drain off without 'claying.'

Si esta noche no sales  
A la ventana,  
Cuentame entre los muertos  
Desde mañana.

The sentimental refrain comes from the packing-house, which

is a lively place. It is open, like the engine-house, on both sides, and on raised iron frames are ranged the packing-boxes, which hold four hundred pounds each. The business of packing looks, to the uninitiated, a bit of child's play. A gang of coolies and happy-go-lucky niggers—a line of them on either side each row of boxes—rhythmically pounding away with their heavy packing-sticks, to the measure of a Creole love-song or a plantation croon, is not suggestive of hard work. But weary enough it must become as the hours wear on. When the sugar has been tightly packed, the boxes are strapped with strong bands of raw bullock-hide sent round from the potrero, and are ready for rail to the nearest port.

By this time, if this is your first visit to the mill, you feel replete with information. You are not sorry to return to mental indolence and the casa. As the sun is now high, your host will take you by one of the shady avenues of mango and tamarind that, skirting the potrero on two sides, divide the casa from the mill and the barracoons, or quarters; a garden, on the side next the house, separating still further the castes. In this garden there may be half an acre of heliotrope, twining and drooping over its bamboo supports like the hops in an Isle of Thanet field. Last night you saw this tenderest of plants under the pearl and rose of the moon and the lights of the patio. It was then heart of Gloire de Dijon and the grey of olives. The sun is on it here. It is pink and amber and the purple of a shell on the Tyrian shore. The garden is enclosed by a tall hedge of *piña raton* (*Bromelia Pinguin*), whose outer leaves of bay-green contrast with the vermilion of the inner ones and with its creamy, wax-like flowers.

Coming out through an arched cutting in the piña, you discover that a Cuban ingenio is not a mere village; it is a small town. Facing you is the chapel, a building often tasteful, seldom less than quaint. Behind it are the priest's apartments. Behind these, again, are the sick-house and surgery, and the private rooms of the doctor, who is probably a smart young mulatto of light shade who has 'walked' the hospitals of London, Paris, or Edinburgh. At the further angle of the potrero you see the gaily painted roof of the *crèche*, where the aged negresses tend the romping, chattering *chicos* while the mothers are in the field. Jutting from the near side of the mill are some roomy wooden lodges for the accommodation of a number of white men, such as clerks, assistant engineers, dispensers, and men employed in the chemical laboratory.



On the far side the gas factory rears its chimney-stack close by the yards of the estate cooper, the carpenter, and the blacksmith. In the background stretches the huge store, the great barrels of *bacalao*, or salt fish, which, along with *tasajo*, or dried meat, forms the staple food of the 'hands,' piled in its cedar-wood veranda; and beside it gleam the white-awned balconies of the administrator's house, adjoining which is the *dispacho*, or estate office. Into the archives of a sugar plantation the historian does not penetrate. But an authority of the War Office, yachting some half-dozen winters ago in the Caribbean, and being shown in one of these *dispachos* stacks of printed ideas calculated to perfect sugar-making machinery, expressed sympathy with what he found to be a unique acquaintance with the patentee.

After the morning's round, *desayuno*, the Cuban *déjeuner à la fourchette*, comes in agreeably. *Desayuno* is no trifling matter. Having begun with fruit, you proceed to poached eggs with tomatoes, stuffed eggs with lemon juice, or in *tortilla* (omelette), with kidneys or ham served with mushrooms and rice. There is no Antillano meal without fish, and in winter you will probably have camarones, or shrimps. Large as a lobster-claw, and tender as the white meat of crab, these camarones are delicious. Their ancestors must have been those shrimps which, along with crayfish and runaway niggers, populated the streets of Habana when Drake's sailors reconnoitred the town. If it be not a *jour maigre* you may, if you will, partake of the next course of mutton chops or veal with roasted bananas. You are then ready for a crisp, pungent salad of lettuce and cress, and, after it, prepared to enjoy the *queso con guayaba*—cheese with guava jelly—which concludes every Cuban repast. There has been *vino catalan*, also good British beer. Between the various dishes you have had recourse to the inevitable paper digestive—the cigarette. Coffee heralds the more serious 'smoke' of an Uppmann or a Murias, and, having 'greatly daring' breakfasted, you sink into the sweet-do-nothing of siesta.

Monte, billiards, or a ride fill up the time between siesta and dinner, which is early—usually at six or half-past. After dinner, should it be during the Christmas *festa*, there are great doings on plantation. The *gente* not only get up improvised dances in the barracoon patio, but are also allowed to have cock-fights in the *batey*, or great square of the mill. To one of these one longs to introduce Señor Villegas, who in his famous picture, 'La Prueba del Gallo,' has so realistically given us the card-playing crowd—



stupid, brutal, excited, indifferent—of the Peninsular cockpit. On Christmas Eve there are tremendous frolics. The then unused packing-house is cleared; the *virtuosi* of the banjo and the big banjerine are bidden to 'go up higher'—that is, to ascend a platform made of piled-up sugar-boxes. Black faces are lighted with laughter; whites of eye roll fearsomely. Misericordia! the din when the ladies and gentlemen come from the casa to see the dancing. And there are presents for everybody—from the oldest guadiro, or watchman, fit for nothing but to open and shut a sluice-gate, to the *chico* that is just daring to walk. The house-servants—quadroons or octoroons, many of them—are, of course, above the gaud dances.

But on San Esteban's night, or New Year's Eve, they also have their *baile* in the casa; and it is by them that the stranger can best see danced the Cuban contredanse, the danza criolla. It is simply the Spanish zapateado modified by a tropical climate into the very poetry of motion. Two Peninsular masters—Sarasate and Albeniz—have not disdained to arrange the national 'movement,' but no one can *play* the zapateado or the criolla who has not seen it *danced*. The criolla consists of four figures—*paseo* (promenade), *cadena* (chain), *sostenido* (slow waltz), and *cedago* (quick waltz). In the first two parts music and dancing are restrained in expression and movement; the *sostenido* and *cedago* are passionate and piquant. As those graceful Creole girls and men glide through the criolla, one remembers an Old Spanish enthusiast who says: 'It is a dance of the heart as well as of the feet.'

The winter season in Cuba presents many social attractions. In such towns as Cardenas (which for nearly half a century has been known in the island as 'the American city'), Matanzas, and Trinidad, the Retreta has for many years been, and continues to be, an institution as popular with the American as with the Spanish residents; and should the ingenio be within driving distance, it is a delightful *paseo* to join the throng of carriages that, with caballeros in attendance, pass slowly round and round the Plaza de Armas in Matanzas or the beautiful Plaza de Carillo in Trinidad, while the military band plays and one exchanges greetings with one's world. The Spanish officers quartered in these towns used to give one or two good balls each winter, to which large parties came from the ingenios; and the American officers, during their stay in 'the most beautiful land,' have nobly carried on the tradition. Private dances and musical

evenings are of nightly occurrence, and the ingenio quitrins carry back to plantation gay guests from town—the American girls humming Old Spanish seguidillas and cachuchas, while the Spanish girls lisp the last thing that has caught on at the Casino Theatre in New York, or the newest coon-song sung ‘up town.’ That moonlit drive may be through some of the most exquisite scenery in the island. If returning from Matanzas, there will be charming views, from one or other of the hill roads, of the lovely valley of the Yumurri. In the far-famed Madruga district there is the magnificent panorama of the Valle de Gloria (the Vale of Glory) stretching away to the Loma del Paraiso (the Hill of Paradise). On the south coast the drive may be past the beautiful quintas lying around the Table Mountain of Trinidad—the Vijia. Life becomes a poem. You live the ‘Ballade à la lune’ and ‘L’Andalouse.’

Returned to the ingenio, you have a bewildering choice of ‘refrescas.’ We have heard of the ‘Yank’ demanding his cocktail at the Pole and sucking his cobbler at Timbuctoo; but in the matter of mixed drinks the American is nowhere in comparison with the Cuban. Since London and New York become Turkish baths during certain months of the year, some of these Antillano ‘refrescas’ might be acceptably introduced at our Delmonico’s and Frascati’s. *Panales* are pleasant—small pieces of sweet, composed of sugar and the whites of eggs, dissolved in iced water and flavoured. *Naranjada*, or orange-water, everybody knows; in Cuba it is improved by having some other fruit mixed with it. Lemonade, in the opinion of some persons, is made less insipid by pouring gently over the ice floating on the top some good Jamaica rum. This *limonada con ron* Cubans take through a straw. *Orchata* is a glorified sort of milk punch; *zambumbia* is water and cane honey, liqueured; and *garapiña* is a delicious infusion of pine-apple. Any one of these, in a long glass with plenty of ice piled in, is most refreshing.

Should the visitor to the ingenio, however, be in not the most robust health, before retiring for the night he is taken for a stroll through the mill, to inhale the odour of the boiling sugar, and thereafter he is made to drink a hot guarapo punch. This punch is made of egg beaten up with rum, into which is poured the guarapo, or boiling cane-juice fresh from the boilers. The mixture is poured backwards and forwards from glass to glass until it has a fine ‘head’ on it, and then drank. Without entering upon a scientific discussion, it is enough to say that the

negroes who work amid the fumes of the boiling sugar are invariably broad-chested, muscular men.

Holding the creed promulgated by Olmedo, Arboleda, and Heredia throughout Latin America, Luis Muñoz Ribera, the poet *par excellence* of Cuban patriotism, has striven to teach us the meaning of 'freedom.' Freedom is, after all, a comparative quantity; and there is possibly more virtue in a name than Juliet was aware of. The principal Cuban towns have for so very many years been thoroughly Anglo-Saxonised, though retaining the more picturesque externals, if lacking the essence, of Castilian days, that the modernisation of the interior, which has already begun, can hardly fail to be an uninterrupted and peaceful process, pushed forward, as it will be, by the march of science, which symbolises that progress which is the truest freedom. For many a day to come, nevertheless, an Antillano sugar plantation must of necessity conserve its most fascinating features—its seclusion, its luxury, its uniqueness ethnologically. On a Cuban ingenio, for a generation hence at any rate, one may reasonably hope to endorse De Musset's conviction:

'Qu'il est doux d'être au monde et quel bien que la vie!'

NARANJA AMARGA.

## *The Disenchanted Squirrel.*

*A STRICTLY GROWN-UP STORY.*

IN the palmy days of fairy-tale, the profession of a Fairy Godmother was a pleasant and easy affair. Godchildren then were simple in their tastes, their wishes so direct and to the point as to render their gratification a matter of little difficulty, and a Godmother skilled in turning pumpkins into coaches, with a quick eye for the development of lizards into footmen, and a pretty taste in princes, needed no further qualifications for her practice. She was sure of making everyone perfectly happy, which, all the world knows, is the whole duty of a Fairy Godmother.

But as years wore on, the times, even fairy times, grew out of joint. Princes developed the disease of thought. Princesses, not to be outdone, developed that, and nerves into the bargain, and gradually the life of a Fairy Godmother ceased to be worth living. The rat-and-pumpkin trick no longer pleased a careworn and cynical generation, and for godmothers ignorant of mental science, unskilled in the subtleties of their craft, there was positively no career whatever.

Amorette was a princess who lived in this lamentable decadence of the fairy age. She was the daughter of a rich king. If not so beautiful as the golden-tressed princesses of the prime, she was pretty enough; though rather more than sixteen she was sufficiently young, and if suitors for her hand did not ride every day to the palace gates, as in the good old days would inevitably have been the case, two or three princes had shown her marked attention, and two or three more were quite ready to do so on the smallest encouragement.

By all the precepts of fairy-tale, Amorette should have been happy, and but for the disease of thought which for a princess she had contracted in a somewhat virulent form, this might have

been the case. As it was, her Godmother, a singularly gifted and subtle fairy, who had specialised in all the new branches of her art, found Amorette the most difficult of all her godchildren, and it was with grave misgiving that one fine day, in response to an agitated summons from the Princess, she stopped her coach before the great gates of the palace.

'The child will soon be beyond me,' she muttered, as she dismissed the crowd of bowing lackeys, with the remark that she would find the Princess herself. 'She will soon be beyond me, in spite of all my study. I wouldn't own that to Fredegonde, or to Hildegarde,' she went on (Fredegonde and Hildegarde were rival godmothers), 'but it's true, all the same, and whatever the princesses of the present day are coming to, I don't know.' With this gloomy reflection, she entered the rose garden, and discovered the Princess seated in an arbour of white roses, crying bitterly.

Amorette was quite engrossed by her grief, and for some moments the Godmother, unobserved, stood looking at her through the trellis-work of leaves and blossoms.

'They cry differently,' she thought. 'Formerly it was the sort of crying one could stop quite easily by changing something into something else—a handful of pebbles into a set of jewels, for instance, or a gander into a prince. But they're no longer children, worse luck, and that's what makes it so bad for the profession.'

Just at this moment Amorette lifted a tear-stained face, and her Godmother entered the arbour. It really doesn't matter what her godchild was crying about. It was a matter upon which, in the good old times, no princess would have wasted a tear. But that was before modern maladies had prevented princesses from enjoying themselves in this best of all possible worlds.

'And now what can you do to help me?' she asked piteously, when she had told her story.

The Fairy Godmother was silent, while she racked her brains to think of some suitable charm; but, as she had feared, there was really nothing to meet the case. In the meantime, the Princess gazed with sad eyes over the rose garden, and watched the white butterflies flickering above the roses. A squirrel ran along the branch of a hazel-tree overhead and paused a moment to peer into the arbour before it sprang out of sight.

'I wish I were a squirrel,' murmured the Princess.

'Oh, anything simple of that kind——' began the Fairy

Godmother, greatly relieved, for she had been almost afraid that the Princess would ask for a changed heart.

'The little wood creatures see all the beauty of the world, and know none of its sadness, don't they?' said Amorette.

'They don't care twopence for the beauty of the world,' returned the Godmother unguardedly. 'All they want is nuts.'

'I shouldn't like that,' observed Amorette, shaking her head.

'No, that's the worst of you,' sighed the poor old lady.

'Couldn't I be a squirrel and yet have a love of beauty?' asked Amorette.

'You *could*,' answered the Godmother doubtfully; 'but I don't think it would be of much use.'

'Oh, but that's just what I should like!' Amorette persisted. 'Not to know that the sky is blue, not to feel the loveliness of sunset and moonrise, would be terrible. But that's all of human sense I want to keep.'

'Much better be a squirrel out and out,' urged her Godmother, foreseeing difficulties.

But Amorette was firm. 'Let me know that the world is beautiful, and in every other way I'll be nothing but a squirrel,' she begged.

'Very well,' sighed the Godmother at last. 'A beech-tree overhangs my window, as you know. If ever you're in trouble, come and drop a nut on my window-sill, and I suppose I shall have to try something else.'

'Dear Godmother, my troubles will be ended directly I forget the misery of being human,' Amorette assured her. But at this the Godmother merely smiled. Breaking a branch of hazel, she waved it three times round the Princess's head, and a moment later a little brown furry creature, with a bushy tail, and eyes such as no squirrel ever had before or since, was springing from branch to branch of a lime-tree, in its eagerness to reach the sky.

But the Fairy Godmother returned slowly to the palace lost in thought. To the Queen's inquiries she merely replied that she had sent Amorette away on a visit.

'Will she be long gone?' asked the Queen.

'I'm afraid not,' answered the Godmother, getting into her coach.

For a few days there was a deliriously happy squirrel in the forest.

In the noonday hush, in the solemn scented darkness of a pine-tree, it listened to the churring of the wood-pigeons, and



watched the sunlight filtering through the layers of branches overhead. Rocked deliciously in the leafy arms of a beech, it looked into lakes of imprisoned blue sky, over which, like fairy boats, the white clouds drifted. At night, it could not sleep for joy of the moon-silvered forest. While all the other wood creatures were curled up in moss-lined holes, or, head under wing, drowsed in quiet nests, this squirrel, linked by a single sense to humanity, gazed down long aisles of dreaming trees, saw their myriad leaves drenched and shining in night dews and silver radiance, listened to the lullaby sung by the river, and saw the face of the moon, like a white flower, looking up through the water, and all the stars gleaming amid the rushes. It watched the dawn break, and the stars melt away in the stream, and fade out of the brightening rose-flushed sky. It heard the first stir and rustle in innumerable nests, the first sleepy chirp, the first low sweet notes of thrush and blackbird before the forest thrilled with song, and the sun came up, and the world was awake.

It exulted in the joy of movement; in the bird-like flight of its own light little body under the canopy of leaves; in the sense of freedom, the pleasant warmth of the sun, the delicious taste of the hazel nuts it cracked with its sharp white teeth. The forest life was entrancing, until it began to realise that it was lonely, that in some strange way it was apart from the other dwellers in the green world.

When it tried to say that the blue sky was almost *too* beautiful, the moonlight wonderful beyond all dreams, it was checked; it struggled in vain. In the first place there were no words for these things in forest talk, and its scarcely articulate efforts at expression half-amused, half-frightened the other creatures.

'She has perfectly mad eyes,' said one pretty young squirrel to another, letting a nut-shell fall coquettishly upon the head of her lover, who was sitting on a lower branch.

'All the same, Plushkin is rather struck with her. Aren't you, Plushkin?'

'Interesting enough to talk to,' returned Plushkin, twirling his long whiskers, 'but not to marry. I should be afraid of her. She's beyond *me*.'

And unconsciously Plushkin had hit upon the truth. She *was* beyond him by a whole sense of which he knew nothing; and that was the cause of her loneliness. She found no little mate in the forest; for her there was no nestful of tiny creatures with soft

furry heads. She was always solitary, and in time the birds and beasts ceased to speak to her at all, passing her as they went about their business, with the quick sidelong glances they would have bestowed on human beings. And gradually even the beauty of the world grew to be more pain than pleasure, for she was always trying to understand it. The sunrise, the golden noon-day hush, the mystery of star-lit nights, seemed to have no relation to the business of storing nuts. 'What does it all mean?' the poor little squirrel asked herself again and again, as she gazed with weary eyes at sunset clouds, and hills clothed in purple mist. To her Nature's beauty was like a song to which she could not hear the words, or like beautiful words to which she could not even guess a melody.

One day, as she was sitting alone, as usual, on a low branch of her favourite pine-tree, there was a rustling in the bracken and underwood, and a man came into sight. With the fear born of her new nature, the little animal at first darted up the rough trunk to a higher and safer position, while the man, stretching himself on the soft needles beneath the tree, took something from his pocket over which he bent his head. Very soon, curiosity overcoming fear, the squirrel came down from her lofty perch, till she sat once more on the lowest branch, so close that she could see over the man's shoulder. What was he doing with that strange thing like two white flower leaves fastened together? There were mysterious blotches upon them, dots and lines something like the markings on the purple face of a meadow orchis, and as he looked at these curious things there was pleasure in the man's face, and he smiled. Presently he shut up the leaves, put the marvellous thing, which was covered with a brown sheath, into his pocket, and strolled away, leaving a puzzled and unhappy little squirrel gazing after him out of the strangest eyes in the world. Now, in the mind of this squirrel there dwelt only one thing not connected with the forest. It was the memory, or picture rather, of a window shaded by a beech-tree, and a little later, urged by some instinct, it dropped a nut upon the sill of this window, which was immediately opened by the Fairy Godmother.

'There you are!' she sighed. 'I knew you would come.'

But the squirrel only looked at her with wistful eyes, for it did not understand human speech.

'That's the first thing, I suppose,' murmured the Godmother, and she touched its furry ears and its mouth.

'What's the matter, my dear?' she inquired resignedly.

'I want to know what the thing in the brown sheath was, and why the man's face changed when he looked at it,' said the squirrel, looking earnestly at the old lady.

'It was a book,' groaned the Godmother.

'A book? What's that?'

Very reluctantly the Godmother tapped the squirrel's soft forehead, and instantly into its eyes there swept a new expression. 'I remember! I remember!' it cried softly. 'All my knowledge comes back to me. How strange! How very strange!'

'And now you don't want to be a squirrel any longer, I suppose?' demanded the old lady.

'Yes I do,' said Amorette. 'I have no human emotions. I can be a squirrel in that way, still. Let me go back to the forest with my sense of beauty, and my intellect by which to interpret it, and I will be happy. Still I shall be without human passions, without longings, without regrets, without lost illusions and bitter disappointments.'

'Go back, then,' said the old lady, and she closed the window with a hasty snap.

So the squirrel raced down the beech-tree and fled to the forest, and for days it was happy. When it sprang lightly from bough to bough it knew all the joy of delighted wonder, for now it remembered how the old Amorette had been chained to the ground. To the mystery of the dawn, to the splendour of the sunset, there was now added the charm of association, and the talk of the wood creatures amongst themselves, became delightfully amusing, directly it appealed to her re-discovered sense of irony. But it was always lonely—terribly, terribly lonely.

Time passed, however, and one still evening there was more rustling in the underwood. Tall ferns were pushed aside, and a man and a woman came walking towards the pine-tree, hand in hand, and presently sat down under its shade.

The man put his arm round the girl, and as he whispered to her, and she smiled, a squirrel sitting on the lowest branch listened with both its upright ears.

It heard the words—they were foolish words, and to the squirrel they conveyed no meaning. Yet the girl blushed and smiled, and in her happy eyes there was something which puzzled the listener so much that it could not rest.

'Come in!' said the Fairy Godmother the same evening, as

she heard a nut dropped on her window-sill, and a squirrel leapt into the room.

'What were the man and the woman talking about in the forest?' it demanded breathlessly. 'I knew the words, but they made no sense.'

'They were making love,' said the Godmother in a voice of despair.

'Love? What is love?' asked the squirrel. And then, with a hopeless gesture the old lady put her hand on the heart of the little furry creature. Instantly a squirrel with human eyes stood before her, and while she looked at it, tears began to glitter on its soft nose. But this was more than the Godmother could bear, so she hastily waved her hand three times, and in the little wood thing's place stood Amorette.

'It's no good,' said her Godmother. 'You *must* be a mortal now, and I might as well own at once that I can be of no use to you.'

But the Princess laughed through her tears, and kissed her.

'You're the kindest Godmother in the world,' she declared.

It isn't your fault that I've outgrown magic. Don't be sorry for me. I'd rather be a human being than a squirrel after all, in spite of everything. And perhaps some day——' she smiled, without finishing the sentence.

But the Godmother shook her head, for she knew the Princess had not outgrown magic after all.

'They must have their charms,' she muttered, 'they must have their charms. And woe betide them when they grow beyond hope, for it is the last of all their spells.'

NETTA SYRETT.

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

THE ingenious authors of *Wisdom While You Wait* seem in danger of 'running this thing into the ground.' Their *Guide to Efficiency* (Methuen), or *England Day by Day*, certainly 'does not overstimulate.' Much the best part of the tract is that which contains the pictorial advertisements. These are really comic, but the humour of parodying advertisements was nearly exhausted in the funny burlesques of that terror the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 'The C-B Corset. Note the Hyphen,' is particularly diverting.

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Hyphens are becoming quite too hypheneal, if the word may be coined on the analogous model of 'hymeneal.' The hyphen was wont to be used in surnames when a man had to adopt a new family name and arms on acquiring a property by marrying an heiress, or in obedience to a will. Thus, when Douglas of Parkhead married the heiress of the House of Torthorald (Carlyle), he might, or perhaps must, have become Douglas-Carlyle or Carlyle-Douglas. But nowadays many persons, above all doctors, attach one of their Christian names to their surnames, by a hypheneal bond. Thomas Brown Smith develops into T. Brown-Smith. He 'double-barrels his name as many poor Snobs do,' says the author of *The Book of Snobs*.

The modern custom must have arisen about Thackeray's time. He himself never hyphenated; never wrote himself down as 'Makepeace-Thackeray.' Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey did not crown himself with the style of Edmund Berry-Godfrey. Quite the reverse: his Christian names were run into each other as 'Edmundbury.'

\* \* \*

It may be envy that prompts my aversion to the hyphen misapplied. I have only one Christian name, and cannot call myself 'Andrew-Lang,' with a hyphen, 'as others use.' If my godfathers and godmothers in baptism had christened me 'Andrew Mortemar,' then I could have shone as 'A. Mortemar-Lang,' and so asserted an hereditary claim to *l'esprit des Mortemar*. It is certain that such double-barrelled names look gallantly on a brazen door-plate, but we have no brazen door-plates in the profession of letters.

That is one of our social disabilities, like not being copiously knighted. Mr. R. L. Stevenson did possess a brazen door-plate, in his capacity of advocate, not as a novelist. Do barristers sport door-plates in England, like advocates in Scotland? I have not observed that they do, or that they hyphenate their names in the manner of physicians.

\* \* \*

A great Judge, many years ago, did not know anything: he did not know who a lady—at that moment very celebrated—was. I feel equally ignorant in face of the pages of *England Day by Day*. The merry authors describe, with delightful incongruities, a cricketing, educational, and anthropological tour to be undertaken by K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. J. G. Frazer, Mr. E. B. Tylor, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Austin Dobson, Tunncliffe, Gaukrodger, Lord Avebury, John Gunn, myself, and other 'Totem Ramblers' in the South Seas. May the prophecy be fulfilled! But, while I know who the rest of the Totem Ramblers are—cricketers, anthropologists, and two poets—I do not know who many of the other heroes of these jests may be, nor are they likely to know who I am, or even who Gaukrodger is. Thus Miss Edna May can never have heard of me, nor is Gaukrodger likely to have much information, while I never, and Gaukrodger probably never, heard of Miss Edna May. Perhaps she may be of the house of Bryant-and-May, and, like all good women, a match-maker? Again, 'The Rev. R. J. Campbell grows a beard': what is the joke, and who is the Rev. R. J. Campbell? There be many clerics in clan Diarmaid. What is 'Tatcho,' and who is the lady familiarly styled Mercédès? Who is Mr. Henry de Windt? Who is the Mr. Lockhart of whom the authors of *The Gourmet's Guide to Europe* never heard? Is he Lockhart of the Lee, or of Carnwath, or Lockhart of the Wicket, or J. G. Lockhart, or Lockhart who wrote *Fair to See*? And who in the world is Mr. Algonon



Ashton, who 'never saw Kensal Green until he was five'? Why did Sir Oliver Lodge 'never send a Marconigram'? I thought he had a hand in inventing the Marconi system; only stopping (from a sense of the dignity of Science) at the point where the invention became of commercial value. I know who Ben Sayers is, of course, but is Miss Louie Freear a golfer also? Why should a tee shot be called 'syrupy'? What, in the name of useful information, is *David and Bathshua*? It appears to be a drama, for 'Miss Louie Freear brings down the house as Bathshua.' Perhaps it is a newly discovered mediæval Mystery Play, like *Everyman*. What is *England's Darling*, and why does Albert Trott take it out of the St. John's Wood Free Library? Darling is an Australian cricketer, and perhaps he may 'take it out of' Albert Trott, as a bowler, in Australia.

\* \* \*

The context is sometimes enlightening, as in 'Lady Warwick preaches at the City Temple in Rev. R. J. Campbell's absence.' The rev. gentleman may be Master of the Temple, 'the City Temple': just as Canon Ainger holds that military and clerical post of 'The Most Valiant Master' at the Temple which is not civic. Why do five ladies, three of them novelists, fight duels with Sir James Crichton-Browne? Who is Mr. Whitworth Wynne, and why does he begin an epic on the subject of Elliman's Embrocation? Why, in a cricket score, do 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. make 3? A surgical operation on a Scottish man's head is needed. Why does a team of lady cricketers give 290 wides and no other extras? If Mr. Sidney Lee, as we learn, bowled forty-eight wides in an over, why did he not finish it with underhand? I do not believe that Mr. A. E. W. Mason ever bowled a wide which reached Mr. Birrell, K.C., fielding in the country over bowler's head. And, if he did, is it kind to publish the circumstance? What are 'Calmady trouserettes'? and why are they worn by pianists? I think that a man called Calmady, in a novel, had fins instead of feet, but what has this to do with players of the piano? What a cruel thing is ignorance! Sometimes I do see the joke, but am not thereby exhilarated, as in 'No good Conservative ever carries a Gladstone bag,' or 'Herbert Spencer did not write *The Faerie Queene*.' These jokes are more easily made than enjoyed. After asking for so much information, I may impart a little to the authors. 'Maori' is not pronounced

like 'Mary,' as they seem to fancy, but rhymes to showery, bowery, flowery, and the village of Scourie.

\* \* \*

Competitions in the art of discovering the sources of unfamiliar quotations are a feature, I am told, in a paper called *The County Gentleman*. A county gentleman is about the very last person whom one expects to take an interest in matters of literature. However, stimulated by the prize of a coal-scuttle, a clock, or a patent corkscrew, he may exert his intellect in a novel field. Can any county gentleman or lady tell me who wrote words to this effect?—

I remember, I remember,  
How my little lovers came,  
With a lily or a cherry,  
Or some new invented game.

'In the mad pride of intellectuality' I backed the erroneous opinion that the author was Thomas Hood. But the lines are not in his

I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born.

Somebody must have parodied Hood, and that somebody was Præd.

\* \* \*

A writer in *The National Review* doubts whether Mr. Andrew Carnegie is not sapping the manhood of Scotland. If it be true that congregations of all denominations actually implore Mr. Carnegie to give them organs, and if organs he confers, I am sure that neither John Knox nor Robert Burns would approve of the proceedings. To Mr. Knox, organs were little better than monuments of idolatry, I presume. Burns was all for Independence, and would have asked no man, least of all an American, for an organ. If a congregation wants an organ, let it hold a bazaar and buy an organ. Scots ought not to be 'aye beg, begging.' But the generosity of Mr. Carnegie, I cannot but fear, does encourage the modern habit of asking everyone for everything. About a fourth of the letters one receives are begging letters. Strangers ask for money, for gratuitous copy—dozens of them do that monthly—they ask for a man's time, his labour, his literary advice on their worthless manuscripts, his contributions to bazaar books in unheard-of places, his autograph, and his postage-stamps. They have no ruth, no shame. And they ask

Mr. Carnegie for organs, among other commodities. He ought not to encourage towns, congregations, colleges, and individuals to stretch out the hand for charity.

\* \* \*

The *National Reviewer* says that 'leisure is one of the privileges sternly denied to the Scottish professor.' The dear man's holidays only extend to half the year, in fact. In that limited leisure he usually writes poetry, as far as I have observed. They who contribute original work on the topic which they academically profess are not, perhaps, the majority, though there be illustrious examples of original workers. In term time professors have to teach, lecture, and examine, and, as at Oxford, the afternoons of the learned are wasted in college meetings. But they have the vacations. If Mr. Carnegie chooses to found new chairs in the universities, where is the harm? Pious founders have always been respected for doing this. At St. Andrews, absurd as it may seem, we have no chair of Egyptology; none, I think, of Sanskrit; of palæography none; of history only a stunted lectureship at this moment. Chinese studies, Arabic, Japanese (now so important), psychical research, experimental psychology, the Celtic language and literature, anthropology, and lots of other studies are chairless. Here are opportunities, blameless opportunities, for the expenditure of dollars, but colleges ought not to ask for American dollars. Nor do I admire students who let Mr. Carnegie pay their fees, tiny as these fees usually are. Only too many men already receive a university education in Scotland. I mean that pathetic sacrifices are made to send to college lads congenitally incapable of profiting by what they are taught. That class will be increased if the fees are paid, though not the fees, but the cost of living has, I fancy, been the main obstacle. To select good lads from the schools, and give them scholarships by competitive examination or other selective process, appears wiser than to pay the fees of mankind at large. Many students will merely waste time which, as the sons of poor men, they can least afford to waste, and will be turned loose in the world with a slender, a very slender, smattering of knowledge, and an unappeased desire for 'a soft job.' The universities can perhaps stop these predestined loafers by really stiff examinations preliminary to matriculation. If so, not much harm will be done by philanthropy. A young man is not ashamed of taking a scholarship if he has won it and proved thereby that he has some qualifications as a student. But

young men who accept a tip of a few pounds from Mr. Carnegie do not make an auspicious start in a scholastic career.

\* \* \*

A learned lady, Mrs. Pott, I think, once published the statement that the phrases 'good morrow,' 'good night,' and so forth, occur in a manuscript by Bacon and in the plays of Shakespeare, but not in thousands of earlier English books which she had consulted. The inference was that Bacon invented, or adapted from some foreign language, these phrases, and then stuffed them into his plays, wrongly attributed to Shakespeare. I happen to possess a kind of Elizabethan Ollendorff, of 1583, and there the phrases occur, on the first page. A correspondent, Mr. Frederick Adams, who, as a Reader for Messrs. Spottiswoode, is the Providence of inaccurate authors, kindly informs me that my book, *The French Littleton*, exists in an edition of 1566, which puts Bacon out of the running, as in 1566 he was only five or six years old. The author, 'Claudius Holyband' in English, was a Frenchman named Claude de Saintlien, a native of Moulins in the Bourbonnais. Again, it is shown that 'God gyve you good morowe' occurs in Palsgrave's *Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse* of 1530. Here also are 'good morowe,' 'good evyn,' 'good nyght.' *Piers Plowman*, in the fourteenth century, has, 'Beton the brewestere bad hym good morwe,' and Chaucer is in the same tale, in *The Miller's Tale*. Thus nothing is left in that argument for the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Wherever you scratch the soil of the Baconian theory you come to that shifting sand of ignorance on which it is builded. But is 'Beton the brewestere' of the Scottish house of Beaton or Bethune, so famous in Scottish history? Or is the Englishwoman's name of another origin? It is!

\* \* \*

What a provoking study is History! The years 1589-1590 are important and perplexed in the history of Scotland, owing to Spanish and Catholic intrigues, and the wild conduct of Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. A good authority for the facts, though a dull dog, would have been the English ambassador, Bowes, in his letters to Walsingham. But his epistles for this period are not printed in Father Stevenson's edition, prepared for the Surtees Society (1842). Where, then, were the letters? I had to do without them, but, too late for my purpose, transcripts

of them turned up at New York of all unlikely places. They are part of the Hardwicke MSS. which were sold out of this country, and they are now printed in the Bulletin of the New York Public Library. Mr. Brander Matthews kindly sent me a copy of documents which interest a few people 'some,' and do not interest mankind at large. On the very first page we find the Master of Gray intriguing—the hero of Mr. Bailey's recent novel. Surely the letter is here misprinted. 'I sent to ye Mr Graie your letter addressed to him, whereunto he could not hitherto retorne you Answer as by ye Coppie of his letter, th'Originall whereof is brunt in ye Light of his Servant, to be delivered to you by this Bearer will appear to you.' The punctuation is a delirium, and 'brunt in ye Light of his Servant' must really be 'burnt in the sight of his servant.' The letters are full only of futile dim intrigues of double spies and double dealers; the Master of Gray is described as 'very hot,' and Bowes, as he says, is 'laying for' a certain Irish bishop. So to 'lay for' a person is not modern but elderly slang. We find the Earl of Bothwell manifestly playing a double game, apparently intriguing with Spain and the Catholics while assuring Bowes that he is merely dallying with these parties in hopes of extracting information for England and Elizabeth. The cyphers employed to indicate names of persons are as transparent as such cyphers usually are. 323 and 321 both stand for Bothwell, as a babe of any intelligence could discover. On the whole, history would not have lost much if the verbose epistles of dismal old Bowes had been sunk in the Atlantic. Of all things the most uniformly futile were the intrigues of the Scottish Catholics after the Reformation. The spiders wove a wilderness of cobwebs. They were always betrayed by their associates, and Cecil, at the right moment, tore the cobwebs to tatters.

\* \* \*

A skilled person might make a pleasant essay on what we may call the dropped threads of novelists. Thus Pip's vision of Miss Havisham hanging to a beam in the deserted brewery has always puzzled me; it seems to have been meant to lead to something other than what occurs. In Mr. Marion Crawford's *Taquisara*, much turns on an entranced medium, who could give two strokes in the hole and a beating to Mrs. Piper. We expect her successes to be normally explained, because stress is laid on her one-eyed servant, whose one eye (blue) marks her as the sister of her mistress. Bosio observes this: the poisoner, Matilde, does not. Apparently



something was to hang on the fact; if so, the thread has been dropped. Again, why had Charles Wogan clay on his clothes, at the end of *Clementina*? Like the priest in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*,

I know, but may not tell.

Edith's horror at meeting Florence in the darkling house of Mr. Dombey is a dropped thread which Dickens tried to take up, but failed. Research would probably discover many such instances.

\* \*

Trying to buy Mr. Whibley's *Thackeray* (Blackwoods) in a large bookshop in a large English town, I found that the bookseller 'would send for it.' He had not the enterprise to risk a venture in a small cheap book on a popular subject, in a big town, surrounded by the country houses of the opulent. Was he 'a coward loon,' or did he know the English public only too well? In either case, what a 'dreadful trade' is the author's!

\* \*

In what is said, in paragraph second, about the marriage of a Douglas with a Carlyle heiress, I have been obliged, in the absence of Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*, to write from memory, and the statements are made in the country, and 'under all reserves.' Genealogists at a distance will please accept this intimation.

ANDREW LANG.

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